Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

JUNE
15¢

CONNIE
HAINES

Exciting Color Pictures of

OW VILLAGE · THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE · MOTHER AND DAD

SOMEONE TO CLING TO—A Story of Love and Faith

PERMANENT WAVE Complete Home Kit 59¢

June Lang Glamorous movie star praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave. Why not give yourself a lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave at home?

Ann Gillis Hollywood's cute "teen-aged" starlet shown with her stunning Charm-Kurl Permanent. Mothers why not beautify your daughter's hair with a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

Tina Thayer Mickey Rooney's lovable new screen star sweetheart in M. G. M.'s "A Yank at Eton" is pictured above with her lustrous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

Lillian Elliott One of the screen's loveliest mothers is thrilled with her Charm-Kurl. Monogram features her in "Road to Happiness." A Charm-Kurl Permanent enhances the attractiveness of older women.

Fay McKenzie The star of Republic's "Remember Pearl Harbor" is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave as shown in the above photograph.

So Easy Even a Child Can Do It

Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children. **WAVES DYED HAIR AS BEAUTIFULLY AS NATURAL HAIR.**

USERS PRAISE IT

Here are excerpts from a few of many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

"I am so proud of the Charm-Kurl Permanent I gave my 2 little girls. It's soft, natural." Mrs. W. P. Van Deusen, Minn.

Gives Natural Wave
"I've been a user of Charm-Kurl for some time and I like it very much. It gives me a nice, natural wave." Mrs. B. Maina, Ill.

Lasted 9 Months
"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a $10 permanent."
Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

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"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft."
Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

Permanent Far Above Expectations
"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectations and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave."
Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

Delighted with Results
"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl. It's soft and fluffy, and it was the most "painless" permanent I ever had." Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

Prettiest Permanent I Ever Had
"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I ever had regardless of cost."
Miss Betty Moultrop, Wash.

Each Kit Contains 40 Curlers
Shampoo and Wave Set also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and the wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling, machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

MAKE THIS NO-RISK TEST

Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your CHARM-KURL Permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to $5.00 for, you get your money back.

FREE UP TO $1.00 WORTH OF WAVE SET

In addition to the wave set included with the kit, you will receive with each kit an extra supply, sufficient for 16 ozs. of the finest quality wave set that would ordinarily cost up to $1.00 . . . enough for up to 12 to 16 hair sets.

SEND NO MONEY Just fill in Coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59c plus postage (or $1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain, so take advantage of this special offer.

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Mail This NO-RISK TEST Coupon Today

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2459 UNIVERSITY AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN.

You may send me a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit complete with 40 Curlers, Shampoo and Wave set. On arrival I will deposit 59c plus postage with my postman, with the understanding that if for any reason I am not satisfied, you guarantee to refund the purchase price immediately. I am to receive FREE with each kit an extra supply of material, sufficient for 16 oz. of wave set.

If you desire 2 kits sent C. O. D. for $1.00 plus postage, check here ☐

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CITY.....STATE.....

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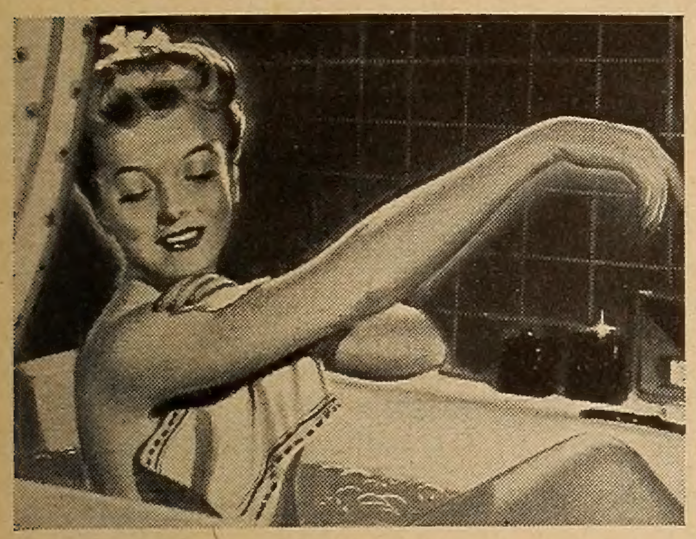
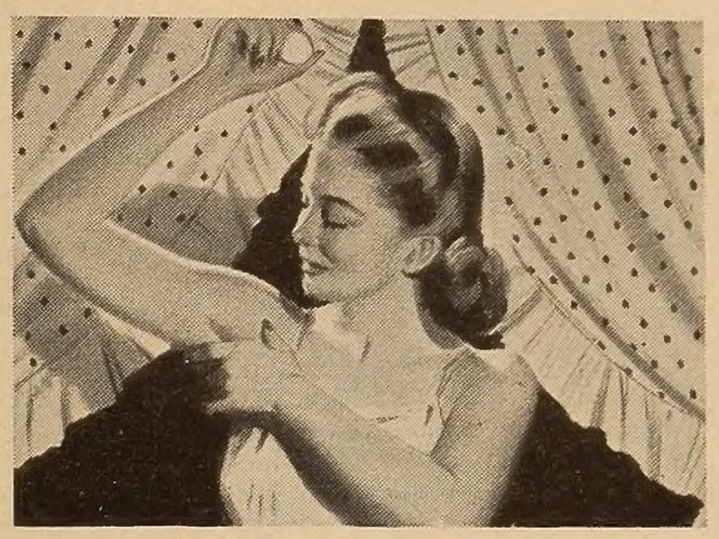
Making plans to Win his Heart?



It's a gala date! He's your extra-special hero! You start with a refreshing bath, but you don't stake *all* on that! One step more is needed to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come!*



You know a way to *stay appealing*—you use Mum after your bath. Mum guards charm—prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or harming clothes.

Romance is in the groove. The evening is thrilling—he hates it to end. Lucky you! Mum keeps you fresh, appealing all evening long! No wonder romance flowers in his heart!

Make sure of charm! Every day, after every bath, use Mum!

For a bright beginning and a happy ending to your days and evenings—make Mum after your bath your rule for charm! *Quick* Mum takes only 30 seconds to apply. Everyone likes Mum's speed and certainty—Mum won't let daintiness down all day or all evening. Millions of women prefer Mum's *dependability* and gentleness. You can use Mum even after underarm shaving—even after you're dressed. Guard charm! Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is ideal for this purpose—it's so gentle, dependable, safe!

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers

Speaking of CALF LOVE

What could be neater than a NEET CALF?

In the Spring (or any season), a young man's... well, *eyes*... turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry... and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're *"smooth"* calves, free from glamour-stealing hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give *your* legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed... are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today"! This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. *Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.*

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Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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ON THE COVER—Connie Haines, Singing Star on CBS' Comedy Caravan

Color Portrait by Ben de Brocke

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Overheard

WATCH THE WATCH DOG'S HEALTH

Dog owners can now have their pets protected against distemper by a new vaccine, adding another form of treatment to the immunization methods used against this widespread disease. The vaccine is prepared by passing live distemper virus through 50 to 60 ferrets. A single injection is claimed to give a dog lifetime protection against distemper.—Adventures in Science, heard over CBS.

BAKE AND DIVIDE BY 150

Asked to give his recipe for apple pie, an Army cook, lecturing to a home-economic group of women, replied: "Certainly, for the crust, take 168 pounds of flour . . . 84 pounds of shortening . . . 28 ounces of salt . . . and 21 pints of water

"For your filling, take 970 pounds of apples . . . 82 pounds of sugar . . . 82 lemons and 21 ounces of cinnamon."—The Woman of Tomorrow, with Nancy Booth Craig, WJZ.

FOR THE SWEATER GIRL

For sweaters that seem to take forever to dry, try basting them on a towel, and then hanging the towel on the clothes line . . . Your sweaters will dry much more quickly, and will really hold their shape.—Mrs. Dena Hoffer's prize-winning household hint—heard on Meet Your Neighbor, with Alma Kitchell, over the Blue Network.

WAR WORK VS. WAR NERVES

War work is an effective buffer against the development of upset nerves. In England the percentage of nervous breakdowns among war workers in bombed cities is very small, while among those doing hazardous war work, like the fire fighting brigades, nervous casualities are almost unknown.—Dr. Edward S. Strecker, professor of psychiatry, University of Pennsylvania, speaking on Highways of Health, heard over CBS.

MEAT TAKES A NURSEMAID

Unwrap butcher's package as soon as you get home . . . put meat in a clean platter . . . top it lightly with a piece of waxed paper (that is, of course, unless you have a special meat compartment in your refrigerator).

Now, with the meat covered, put it in the coldest part of your refrigerator. Whatever you do, cook fresh meat within twenty-four hours after buying it. If it's chopped meat, use it at once. When meat is ground, it exposes not just top and bottom but millions of tiny surfaces to bacteria.—Richard Kent, the Travelling Cook, heard over the Blue Network.

"I was a good wife...*or was I?*"

YOUNG WIFE REVEALS HOW SHE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT SPOILS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. At housekeeping and cooking, yes, I was A-1. And at first, John and I were blissfully happy. But slowly, John grew moody, neglected me. I grew jumpy, tearful.

2. One day, at the movies with my chum, I began to cry, and couldn't stop. She was wonderful! She got me alone, wangled it all out of me, then she opened my eyes. "Most men can't forgive one neglect, darling. A wife can't be careless of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal daintiness*)." Then she explained . . .

3. "Today, many thousands of women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. My doctor advises Lysol." And she told how it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she advised. "Lysol deodorizes, cleanses thoroughly. No wonder this famous germicide is so widely used!"

4. Nowadays I use Lysol disinfectant regularly. It's easy to use and so inexpensive. And these days we're deliriously happy again. John says I'm the best wife a man ever had!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R. M.-643. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

WHEN TWO ARE SINGLE-HEARTED

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

MEN from Georgia, so they say, are single-hearted. Through some instinct bequeathed them by their sires who, with one woman, ploughed the land, reaped rich harvests, built great houses and raised large families, Georgians seem to know the simple constant lover is happier by far than the fanciest Casanova.

When Parks Johnson, son of a poor Methodist preacher down in Georgia, lost his first love he turned his face to the road. He wanted the heady wine of success. It, he thought, might eventually repay him for the suffering he was bound to know in the meantime.

Parks went straight to Texas. For two years he worked ceaselessly. The only girl he ever thought about was the girl he had left behind him. It wasn't long before he made a name for himself, of course, with this singleness of purpose. It wasn't long before he had a name in the cotton business; before he had surpassed all the men his own age and many who were older too.

When war came he was sent to Houston for officer's training.

Lee Hester, his camp buddy, often got after him. "It isn't reasonable, Parks," he insisted, "for anyone who looks like you and thinks like you and laughs like you to forego girls—the way you do."

"You find a girl for me," Parks challenged. "A girl so beautiful I won't be able to resist her . . ."

It wasn't that Parks thought much about the girl he had loved back home any more. But, out of the habit of squiring girls, well content with men friends and his work, he saw no earthly use to go out and look for trouble.

One day Lee stopped Parks on the drill grounds.

"Three of us fellows have four girls coming to luncheon in the mess today," he announced. "After luncheon we're going to drive into San Antonio to a show. We want you to fill in. The fourth girl's a beauty, Parks."

Parks grinned, slapped Lee on the back, and went to mess early so he would be out and away when the party arrived. But Lee, suspicious, piloted his crowd into the mess hall well ahead of the appointed time.

The odd girl, meant for Parks, was beautiful indeed. Parks scarcely saw her, however. He found himself laughing and talking with Louise Johnson, the red head, who was supposed to be Lee's date. Louise wasn't beautiful at all. But she was so warm, so natural, so friendly, so downright *nice looking* that Parks was convinced she was a knockout. Soon enough he had to admit that the thing he had believed impossible had happened, that he had fallen in love at first sight.

He didn't try to analyze or understand his emotions. He was too busy being happy again; with a happiness born of greater maturity and a richer, deeper love than he had ever known.

Week-ends usually meant leave. Leave always meant a sixty mile drive to San Marcas where Louise lived in a big pillared mansion surrounded by great oaks, magnolias and mimosa, fragrant jasmine vines, and acres upon acres of lawns and gardens.

Parks loved Louise more because she was such a fine companion. She had been brought up out-of-doors. None of the boys could outride her. When they went hunting she bagged as many doves and quails as any man among them. When they fished for trout and bass in Crystal Creek she knew the bunks where the fish waited in the shadows under the rocks.

Louise's father gave a week-end party at his ranch on Crystal Lake the week-end after his son and Parks and Lee were graduated. Parks, commissioned First Lieutenant right off, was gloriously happy the morning he and Louise sat on the bank of the creek, not far from her youngest sister who was casting.

"You know," Louise told him "you ought to give my sister more time."

Parks' voice was tense and low. "I'm not aiming to spend any time with anyone but you," he said. "That's how it is with me. I hoped you knew. I hoped this was how it was getting to be with you too, furthermore."

She stood up, smoothed down her breeches. "It's possible," she said slowly "that if you should spend more time with my little sister I wouldn't like it at all. But I didn't honestly realize this before. . . ."

After that there was a quickening in the way they looked at each other and in even the trivial things they said to each other. And several weeks later when Parks told Louise he was being sent to Georgia and it was likely he would go overseas from there her smile and her words were brave but her eyes were misty.

Swiftly their last hour ran through the glass of Time leaving them in the final moment both had tried to put out of their thoughts all evening. In the big hallway they stood within the double circle of each other's arms whispering "I love you . . . I love you . . . I love you . . ." those eternal words that always are so bright, so exciting.

The gentle strength of her hand against his cheek, the tremble of her smile, the possessive pride with which she brushed back his thick brown hair, the breathless warmth of her voice . . . all these things bespoke her love too.

"Go away as if this was any evening," she begged softly, "as if tomorrow would find you back again. That way it will be easier."

He knew when he walked into the sweet southern night under a sky spangled with stars that this hour would be a cherished memory forever.

Then, as early as the next morning, he began to fear Louise's emotion had not been for him but rather for a soldier going away, maybe never to return. He wished he had asked her, point-blank, to marry him. Then at least he would have known. But, being aware of what might happen to him, he knew he couldn't have done that. If he should come home blind or

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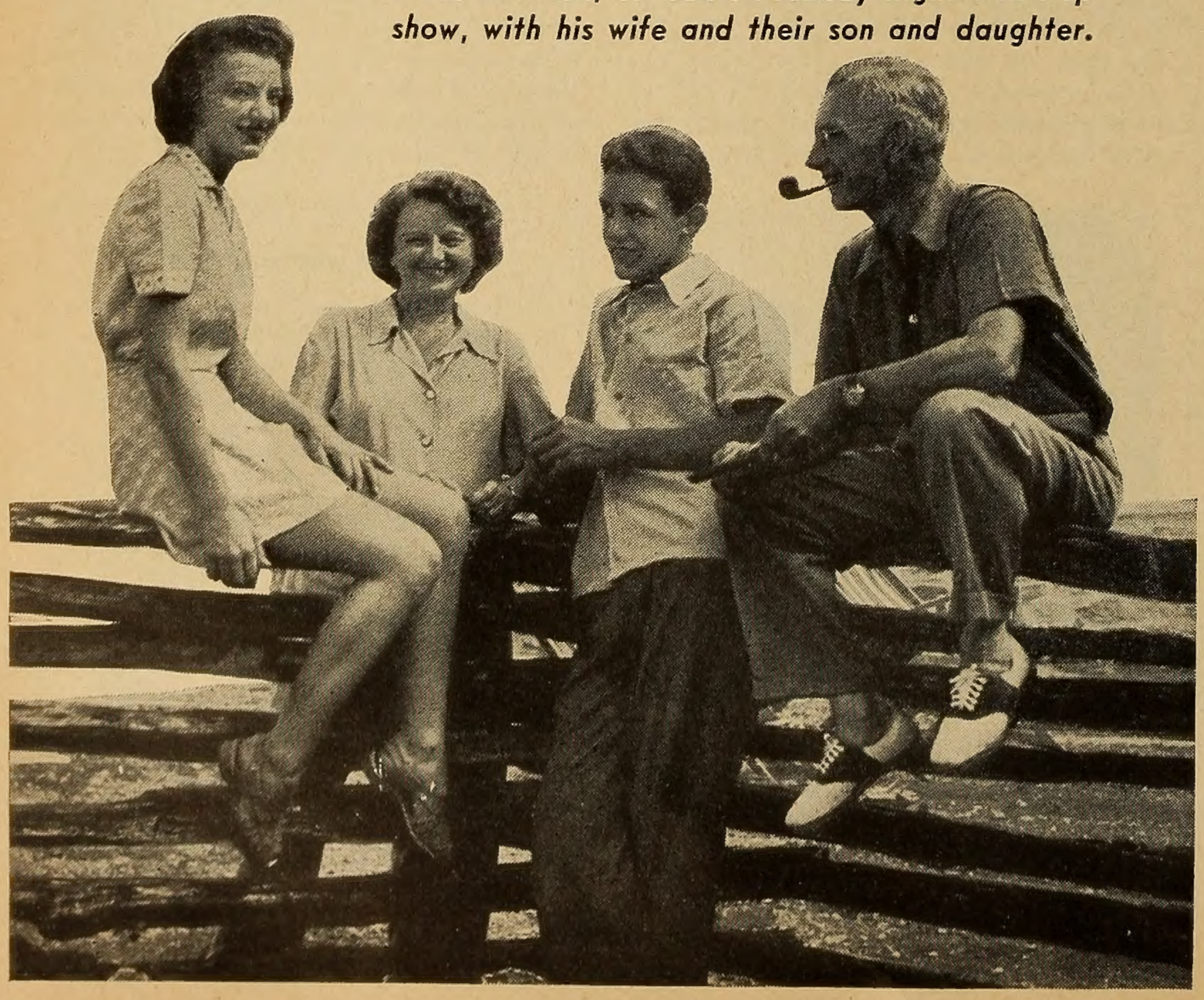
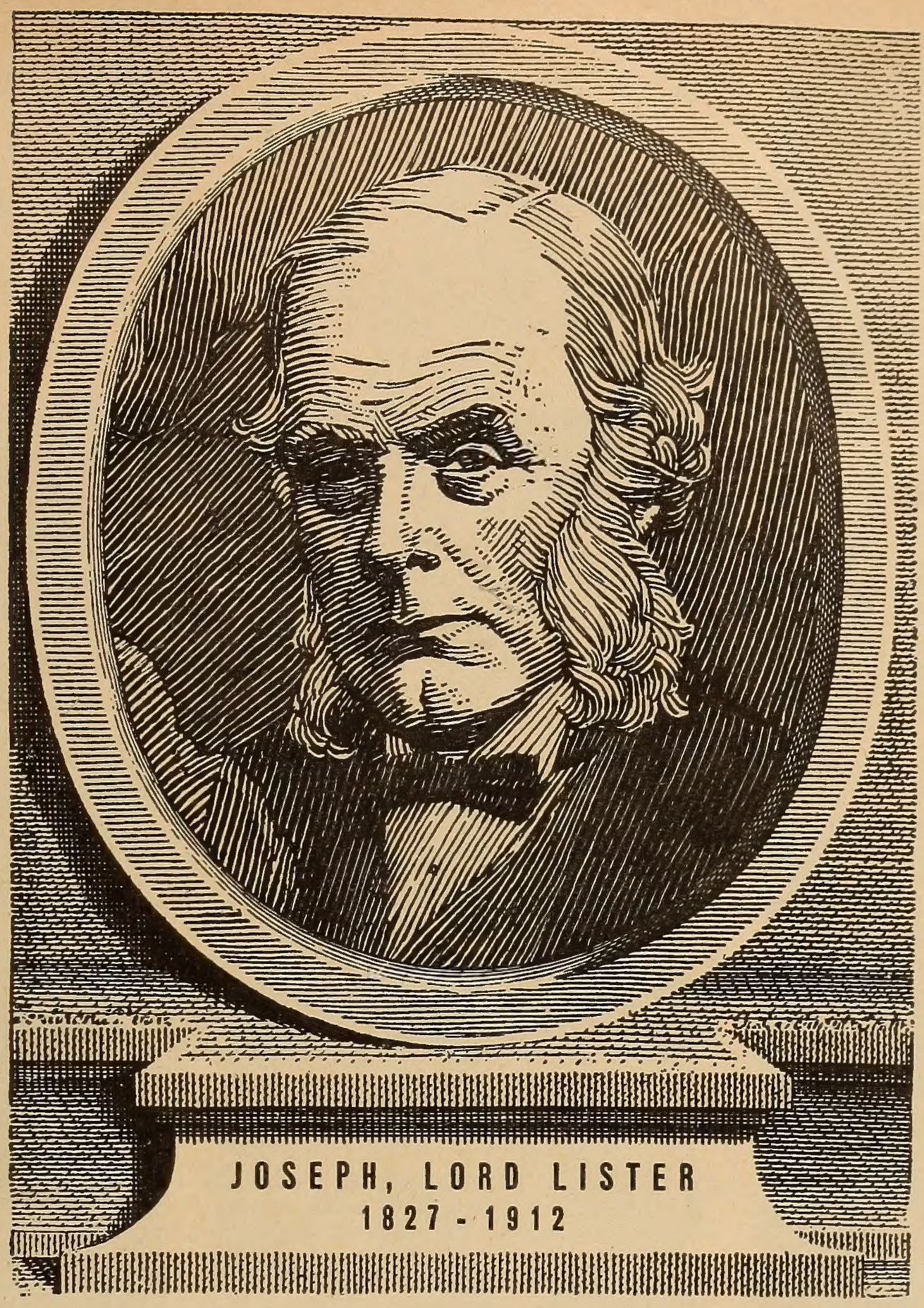
Parks Johnson, of CBS's Monday night Vox Pop show, with his wife and their son and daughter.





THE FATHER OF ANTISEPTIC SURGERY

In service more than 60 years

The safe antiseptic and germicide

and the antiseptic which was named for him

FIRST CALL!

YES! . . . America's soldiers, sailors and marines are getting "first call" on delicious Beech-Nut Gum.

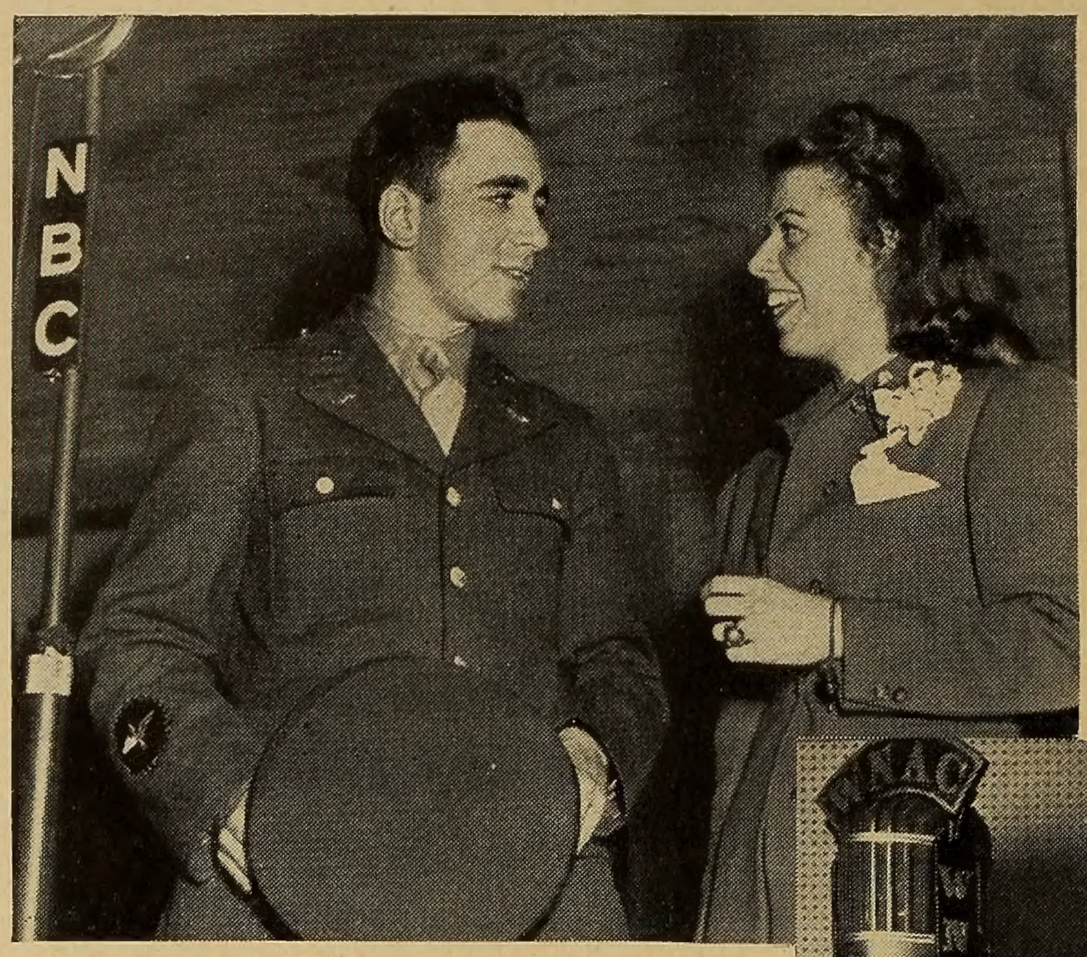
And like you, we feel that serving our men in the services is a privilege that comes ahead of everything else.

So if there are times when your dealer can't supply you with your favorite Beech-Nut Gum, we know you will understand the reason why.

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

What's New from Coast to Coast



Trudy Brown, left, of WSM's Grand Ole Opry, interviews soldiers on each broadcast of the familiar show on NBC. Below, Ted Cole is the sweet-voiced singer who is heard daily over Mutual on Yankee House Party.

By DALE BANKS

THE story behind the sale of Jack Benny's violin is both amazing and interesting. The violin went to Julius Klorfein, who is now its proud owner because he pledged one million dollars in War Bonds. Klorfein told an NBC man to tell Benny that the violin was in good hands. "I can't use it myself," he said, "but the children will play it." Klorfein is a New Yorker, has three children. His boy, Arthur, is in the Coast Guard. Klorfein is a Benny fan, but not nearly as fanatic about Jack's program as his children are. After winning the fiddle, he wanted to turn it back and have it sold all over again just to make more money. "But the children—they made me keep it," he added. What very few people, Benny included, know is that Julius Klorfein is a sponsor and president of the Garcia Grande Cigar Company. His ambition is to some day have Jack Benny on the air for his product.

* * *

Lou Costello, who looks like Mayor LaGuardia, is one of the Mayor's best friends. The Mayor was quite surprised not long ago, when Lou called and said, "Please, Mayor, will you marry one of my friends." The Mayor thought it was a gag and said, "I'm already married, Lou." Lou then explained that the producer of his show, Marty Gosch wanted the Mayor to marry him to Joen Arliss, an actress. LaGuardia agreed and Bud and Lou were best men at Marty's wedding, which took place in City Hall with LaGuardia presiding. The boys did not pull any gags during the ceremony, even behaved like gentlemen after it was over. In fact, they were so solemn that the Mayor had to make jokes after the wedding to put the bride and groom at ease.

* * *

NASHVILLE, TENN.—The way she looks at it, a soldier away from home is as much interested in what the home folks are doing as they are in him. So every Saturday night on the Prince Albert Grand Ole Opry broadcast from WSM in Nashville and over NBC, Trudy Brown interviews two soldiers from the Grand Ole Opry audience. It's really a two-way interview, for Trudy not only finds out all about what the soldiers have been doing, but also tells them about the folks at home. This latter information she gleans from a long distance telephone call to the home folks made before the broadcast.

Trudy is a superstitious lass, so superstitious that she refuses to divulge anything about her birth date beyond the bare fact that the auspicious occasion occurred in the month of September. One of her pet superstitions has to do with a distinct aversion to being touched with a broom. To ward off the bad luck that impends when this calamity takes place, Trudy insists that the broom must be spit on. And as for putting a hat on a bed—my, my! that just can't happen. It's

no wonder that she faced with trepidation her thirteenth appearance on the Prince Albert Grand Ole Opry last March 27. However, whatever good luck charm she had handy did the work . . . All went well.

Trudy spent her childhood in Cookeville, Tennessee, where her parents moved shortly after Trudy was born. She took her first peek at light of day in Springfield, Missouri, but stayed there only a short while. She graduated from David Lipscomb Junior College at Nashville. After graduation she won a scholarship to a dramatic school at Asheville, North Carolina, but she had her eye on Broadway.

She saved up enough money to go to New York, and so she was off. Trudy well remembers those hectic days in New York. Her sole guide was a book she had bought dealing in advice to would-be actors. Just when it seemed she would have to make the ignominious trek homeward, she landed a job with a stock company. She toured New England for eight months, playing character parts, and finally becoming leading lady. Then one day there came a letter from Nashville . . . her father had been injured in an auto accident. So back to Nashville she came.

One of the local papers wrote a story about this local girl who had made good in the big city. Jack Stapp, program manager of WSM, saw the story, and called her to take an audition at WSM for a part in a soap opera the station was then airing. She landed the job, and became the star of the show. Then came the opportunity to do her own show. For the next two and a half years she wrote "Let's Shop Around with Trudy Brown."

Trudy's not married—a subject which she is too superstitious to discuss. And as for Radio, she loves it.

* * *

It seems that just about everybody in the world wants to get in to see Ralph Edwards' Truth or Consequences program. The Radio City studio which houses this funfest accommodates 450 people. Just a few weeks ago, the request for tickets for one week's program reached an all time high of nineteen thousand and fifty one! Word has got around that the half hour prebroadcast shenanigans are wonderful, so Edwards expects even more requests. And to think that before the program started, Ralph Edwards was an almost unknown announcer!

* * *

Charlie McCarthy is all steamed up about his recent trip to Mexico City. Bergen tells us he wanted to stay down there because of the urgent "senorita situation." The Mexican people loved Charlie and he's had over a hundred fan letters from people down there. Bergen says they asked most about a movie star named Donald, last name of Duck. Charlie ought to invite Donald to join his program, that should be quite a battle of wits. Charlie tells everybody he'd like to go back to Mexico again—sans Bergen.

* * *

THE YANKEE NETWORK . . . A product of that old New England town of Salem is Ted Cole, the sweet-voiced singer heard coast to coast daily over the Mutual Network in The Yankee House Party.

This youngster has plenty on the ball. He is classed as a romantic tenor and not only sings like one but looks

Continued on page 48

The art of making a date

by Bob Hope

1. It's easy to make a date. If you're a man, the logical thing to do is to make it with a girl. So first, call the most beautiful girl you know. Then, if you have another nickel, call one who will go out with you. When she answers, speak to her in a voice that's inviting and pleasant . . like the swell, cool taste of Pepsodent.

2. At her house, ring the front doorbell. Then rush around and catch her escaping by the rear door. Once I caught nine fellows dashing out. From the way their teeth flashed in the dark, I guess they just dropped by to use my girl's Pepsodent. In fact, I'm sure of it. One fellow had a brush.

3. Now, it's not patriotic to go driving in the car. That wastes gasoline. Also, there might be a blackout. So turn out the lights and sit in the dark praising Pepsodent for making her teeth so bright. Then all you have to do is follow the beam and you'll never miss her kisser.

4. Later, if you go for a walk, tilt your hat at a rakish angle. This makes you look debonair. It also blocks her view of all the smiling soldiers and sailors you pass. Their smiles have plenty of "come-on" these days—they're buying and using more Pepsodent than any other brand.

5. Always look neat. If you have a two-pants suit, wear the least shiny pair *outside*. Shiny teeth are okay, though . . . because you'll rate better with a sparkle on your teeth. So before going out, brush with Pepsodent to put a gleam in your smile. Naturally, later on you can move the gleam up to your eye.

See you Tuesday Night on NBC.

Remember . . .
DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT

Pepsodent with Irium is so safe, so effective . . . It takes Only a Little to Brighten Your Smile.

Only Pepsodent Contains Irium

SALLY HAD TO BE COAXED . . .

EVELYN: "What a funny girl Sally is about anything new! She didn't know a thing about the comforts of Tampax."

ANNE: *"My older sister couldn't see Tampax either till I came home from college—happy as a lark any time of the month, without a belt or pin or sanitary pad to my name."*

EVELYN: "But your sister did try it after you told her . . . Sally on the other hand really had to be coaxed about it. This is her first Tampax month."

ANNE: *"Well, I hope it'll make her less self-conscious on such days. She always wore such a tell-tale expression."*

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally for monthly sanitary protection. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, belts or pads. No odor, no bulging. Easy to change, easy disposal. Millions of women now use Tampax. It is modern and dainty. Easy to insert; the hands need not touch the Tampax at all. And when in place, you cannot feel it. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40's is a bargain buy!

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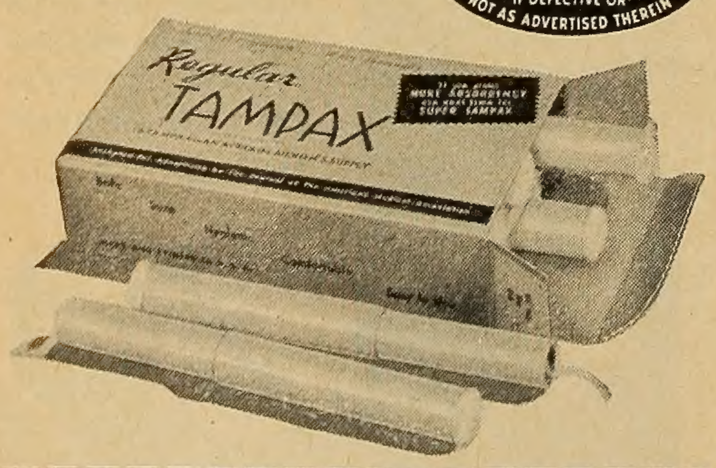

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Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper the trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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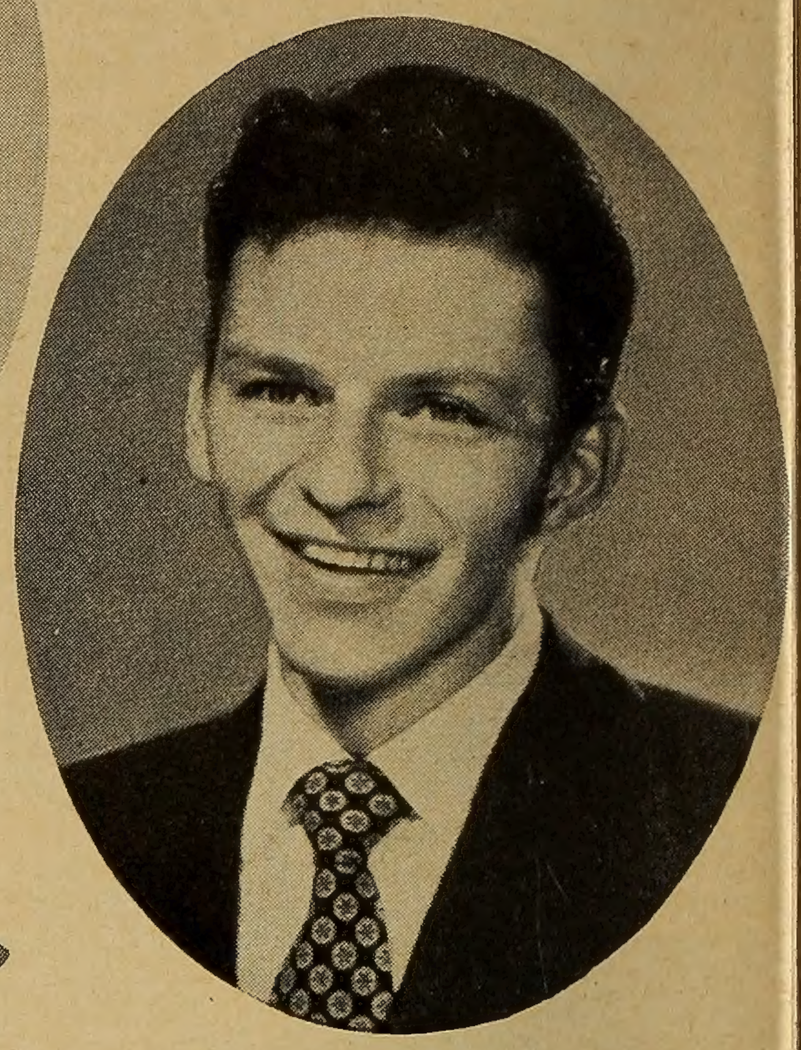
Address_____

City_____ State_____

Carmen Cavallaro, left, piano-playing band leader, is a favorite of dancers coast to coast. Below is Frank Sinatra, star of the Hit Parade and his own program, Songs by Sinatra, on CBS.



Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

THE musicians' union offered the phonograph record manufacturers and broadcasters a plan for settlement of their dispute but the proposition was turned down. At press time any hope for an immediate truce vanished. The record ban is now eight months old.

* * *

Because the record supply has almost reached bottom, the desperate disk makers are dusting off ancient disks and re-issuing them. One of these is an oldie by Rudy Vallee, "As Time Goes By" which got extensive plugging in the film "Casablanca" and has become popular again.

* * *

Rose Blane celebrates her ninth year as Abe Lyman's vocalist. The dark-haired songstress is one of the better band warblers.

* * *

Harry James and his band are back east at the Hotel Astor in New York after Hollywood movie making.

* * *

Alyce King of the famed King Sisters has named her new bouncing baby boy, Alexer.

* * *

Dick Barrie, a veteran band leader who for the past few years has played in other orchestras, is organizing his own six piece outfit.

* * *

Bobby Byrne is expected to join the U. S. Army Air Corps. Art Jarrett and Will Osborne have dates with their respective draft boards, too.

* * *

Bob Allen will succeed Jimmy Dorsey at New York's Hotel Pennsylvania in May, utilizing the CBS and Blue network wires there.

* * *

Wayne King has been promoted from captain to major in the U. S. Army. The waltz king is now stationed in Washington.

* * *

Skinnay Ennis, Bob Hope's musical thin man, will have a straight speaking role in Universal's new film, "Trombone in Heaven."

* * *

Mert Curtis, formerly with Guy Lombardo, has joined Blue Barron's band as a vocalist.

* * *

Ethel Smith, the rumba-samba Hammond organist, featured on both The Hit Parade and The All-Time Hit Parade, came upon her present style of playing while touring South America. In Rio de Janeiro she met a Latin bandleader who was eager to learn how to play American swing music. Ethel wanted to learn the authentic Latin rhythms. They exchanged lessons. Now the Pittsburgh-born organist is known in radio as the leading exponent of Latin American music while the Latin bandleader is the new rage of Rio because of his swing music.

* * *

One of the newer bands catching public favor is Jimmy Carroll's outfit, broadcasting over Mutual from New York's Hotel Astor.

* * *

Ben Bernie who has been critically ill has passed the crisis. The Olé Maestro's ailment has been a heart condition.

Another big Broadway movie theater, the Capitol, has switched from straight film fare to band stage shows and movies to compete with the Paramount, Roxy, and Strand.

* * *

Barry Wood may be groomed as a movie singing cowboy to succeed Gene Autry, now in the Army.

* * *

Helen O'Connell, Jimmy Dorsey's former vocalist, is now featured in her own Blue Network show.

* * *

Several months back NBC aired a tune written by Joe Trapani, a victim of infantile paralysis. Joe composed the tune in his mind, because he knew no music and was physically unable to write. An NBC staff arranger, Fred Weper, took the tune down as Joe hummed it. The tune clicked on the air, and has been played several times on the networks. This week Joe got another break. BMI published the song. Here's hoping it goes places. It's called, "It Isn't My Eyes That Cry."

MANHATTAN LATIN

THE dance band managers, song publishers, agents, and other members of the Tin Pan Alley family have a habit of gathering in Lindy's famous Broadway bistro and arguing for hours over who should take credit for discovering radio's latest dance band favorite.

After witnessing one of the more heated debates during which the counter claims reached an all time new low, one weary veteran said, "These 'I-told-you-so' and 'I-knew-him-when' guys make me sick with their boastful statements about discovering Harry James when he was just a circus trumpet player or scouting Freddy Martin before Tschaikovsky did. Don't they realize that it's the public who discovers all real talent? Give a newcomer with something on the ball a couple of breaks, a little time to learn the ropes, and John Q. Public will spot him for sure."

Best proof for the wisdom of that statement is olive-skinned, slick-haired Carmen Cavallaro, now the dark-eyed piano-playing favorite not only of New York's smart dancing set which pays high tariffs to see him in

Continued on page 66

Pretty Ethel Smith, organist, plays Latin American rhythms on both the Hit Parade shows.

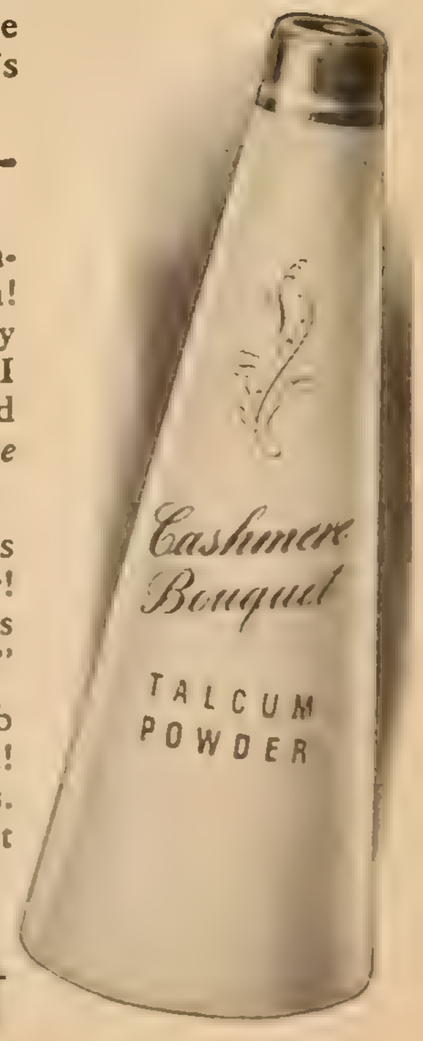
My "30 second" secret keeps me *Fragrantly Dainty* all evening....

"MAYBE YOU are like I used to be... never dreaming that something as simple as body staleness might wreck a romance, and leave you lonely! But I was lucky and discovered a secret ...and now, in just 30 extra seconds, I make sure I'm fragrantly dainty for hours! And it's so easy...

"FIRST, after my bath I dry myself ever so gently—barely *patting* those places that might chafe.

"NEXT, I treat my whole body to the cool, soothing delightfulness of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! From top to toe its silky-smoothness caresses my skin... absorbs the little traces of moisture I missed. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over... now I know why they call it—*the fragrance men love!*

"AND NOW, I slip into my clothes. How luxurious they feel...no chafing or binding, now or later! For Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection lasts all evening...and so does the fragrance men love!"



See for yourself why Cashmere Bouquet Talcum's superb quality has made it the largest selling talcum in America! You'll love its alluring fragrance and long-clinging softness. Make Cashmere Bouquet *your* daintiness secret. You'll find it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters!

Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

Right Face!

Pretty radio singer Helen O'Connell recommends a careful study of your facial contours, so that your make-up will bring out your best points, minimize your worst.

By Roberta Ormiston

WHAT kind of a face have you? Oval, round, square, oblong, triangle, inverted triangle, or diamond? Brush your hair back from your face—remove all make-up—and study your reflection in the mirror. Decide which of the seven basic types you are before you so much as powder your nose, much less use rouge, lipstick, or eye make-up. Otherwise your cosmetic kit may well detract from your loveliness.

If you have an oval face you'll need no rouge at all provided your eyes and hair are fairly dark; you do not require the camouflage shadows which rouge provides. If, however, your eyes and hair are light, a little rouge is wise—for emphasis. Place the rouge in the center of your cheek and work it up over your cheekbones lessening the color gradually until it is very light under the eyes. Use lipstick lightly. Your eyebrows should follow a natural line.

If your face is round, invest in a make-up base, powder and rouge that is a little darker than your natural complexion. Place your rouge on the outside of your cheeks, blend it up to your temples and down to lend a bit of shade to your jawline. Keep your mouth as wide as possible so the distance between your mouth and jawline will appear less.

If your face is square, brush your eyebrows upward and curve them just a little higher than they would curve normally—to make your face look longer. Get a graceful curve to your lips, with an upward tilt at the corners. Keep your mouth as wide as possible. Begin your rouge under the center of your eyes and carry it back toward your ears and down to bring a faint flush to your jawline.

If your face is oblong you'll be lovelier if you will use the lightest rouge that complements your complexion, applied in a circle in the center of your cheeks and gradually merging with your skin tones. Don't have your eyebrows too long. Keep the distance between your eyes and eyebrows the width of your eyes.

If your face is triangle be careful about your rouge. Place it on the sides of your face blending it faintly toward the temple and to the jaw. You'll be more attractive, too, if you'll indicate the widest possible mouth, following your natural outline. Your eyebrows should arch slightly and be on the narrow side. If your chin recedes a little—as frequently happens in this type face—use a lighter make-up base from the line where this begins.

If you have an inverted triangle face, your eyebrows, beginning over the inside corner of your eyes, should curve naturally and not be too thin. Your rouge, darkest at the high point of your cheekbones, should blend lightly to your temples and your jawline. Your mouth should arch a little and have soft curves.

If you have a diamond face make sure your eyebrows do not extend beyond the outer corner of your eyes. Your rouge, deepest at the highest point of your cheekbones, should blend up to the receding concave of your temple and down to the receding concave of your cheek—but it should never color the hollow in your cheeks. Apply your lipstick so your mouth will be moderate in size.

It's the woman who recognizes her individual make-up problem and meets it intelligently who is loveliest—every time!

BE BEAUTY WISER

WHEN you use lipstick be sure your lips are dry or the salve will cake.

If your hair doesn't take a wave easily use a setting lotion following your shampoo. Use it generously. When your wave is set and dry, spray it with brilliantine. Then emphasize the grooves in your waves with a warm—not hot—marcel iron.

Thin hair frequently results from poor circulation. Brush your hair with a good hair-brush. And massage your scalp.

Blonde hair has a tendency to grow dull. It isn't necessary to have a rinse when this happens. You can counteract the dullness with a soapless shampoo.

Is your skin dry? Wash it with soap, dab it generously with cold water, and apply a make-up base—to keep your skin from the air and, at the same time, to keep it moist and flexible.

Liquids and solids introduced into your system at the same time produce fat. So, if you want to slim down, drink nothing with meals or for one hour before or after meals.

You want to reduce in a big way? Eat normally for six days a week and on the seventh day confine your diet to three pints of skimmed milk, half a head of raw lettuce without salt, and black coffee.

Make sure, if you're on the pleasingly plump side especially, that your girdle isn't too tight. A too-tight girdle produces bulges which are unsightly in themselves and give a general impression of greater girth.

Sparkling eyes are greatly to be desired; it is a miracle, however, that anyone has them. For eyes are badly neglected. How often, for instance, do they get the baths they require to be their healthiest and look their loveliest. Once a day—or oftener if you've been in the wind or sun or driving—bathe your eyes in warm water, not hot water, mind, and not cold water either. Or use boric acid—half a teaspoon to a glass of water.

When you don't wear stockings, your feet stick to the lining of your shoes and pull them loose. Also, your feet can actually feel hotter than if you wore shoes. To avoid these difficulties, get the habit of using a good foot powder. Before you put on your shoes, sprinkle some powder between your toes and inside your shoes, thus checking perspiration and protecting your shoes.

What is it gives a girl most "flair"?
Why... lovely, gleaming lustrous hair!

No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous ... and yet so easy to manage!*

FRESH AND YOUNG as Spring itself ... this simple, lovely hair-do ... so well suited to her smart draw-string gingham blouse! Yellow satin bow accents the pale yellow of the blouse. Special Drene deserves the credit for the shining smoothness of her hair!

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added ... the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

No fol-de-rol a girl can wear, has such allure for men as shining, lustrous hair! Even the loveliest dress, the smartest hat won't help you much if your hair looks dull and dingy! So don't let soaps or soap shampoos handicap you this way!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo ... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange ... right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it ... and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

•

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene with Hair Conditioner

MAUREEN O'HARA in RKO-Radio's "This Land is Mine"

TRY

Tru-Color Lipstick

BLONDE

BRUNETTE

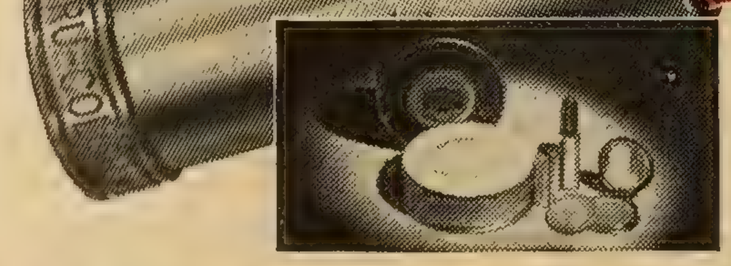
BROWNETTE

REDHEAD

... the color stays on through every lipstick test

THERE'S A THRILL awaiting you when you try this remarkable lipstick...when you see how the wonderful lifelike red gives your lips an alluring color accent.

There are lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on a new patented* color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood*. Tru-Color Lipstick is smooth in texture, and non-drying, too...so it safeguards the soft, smooth loveliness of your lips. Remember the name...*Max Factor Hollywood* TRU-COLOR Lipstick...try it today...One dollar



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COMPLETE *your make-up in color harmony with Max Factor Hollywood Powder and Rouge*

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Did you know?

In planning meals from your Victory Garden, attention should be given to using the fullest supply of green and leafy vegetables and tomatoes, because your family will thereby be assured of adequate daily supplies of Vitamins A and C and the important minerals lime and iron.

* * *

Sister, you and your 40 million civilian sisters represent the hardest-fighting woman-power in the country. The Army, Navy, the Nurses, the factories depend upon YOU. If you don't make it your business to get in ALL the scrap, war factories will close down for lack of vital materials. SCRAP IS THE BACKBONE OF A FIGHTING WAR! MAKE SALVAGE A HABIT IN YOUR HOME!

* * *

Mary Margaret McBride who conducts a very popular program has received many letters from women whose homes are the center of war activities. One woman writes her rules for helping:

1. I'm not buying a thing which isn't necessary.
2. I'm planning and buying food very economically.
3. I'm using meat less often.
4. I'm going without lots of things so that we can buy more than 10% worth of War Bonds.
5. I'm not quoting rumors. Rumors are Axis propaganda.
6. I'm walking to save rubber and gas.
7. I'm making a special effort to be cheerful to keep up the morale of the family.
8. I'm not hoarding.

* * *

The fattest pocketbook in the country won't buy you more than your share of rationed foods. And don't expect your grocer or butcher to wink an eye at you, and say how he understands why you happened to forget to bring your ration book to market. He has to turn in all the stamps you pay him, or he won't be able to stock up again. He's rationed on his supplies, just as you are rationed on your purchases.

* * *

It's a good idea to budget your "points." You've been budgeting your food money since the beginning of time. Now, start to have two kinds of budgets—a money budget and a points budget. Just remember this: your stamps have to last so long. If you spend them fast, you'll run out of them. And that's just as bad as running out of cash. Just as you have to wait for pay-day, you'll have to wait for stamp-day.

LET ME HAVE ROMANCE

FOR three years I had wanted nothing but to look up one day and see Bill Jamieson's big figure coming toward me. And then when the day came, when I did look up and see him, and saw the smile of welcome on his face, I wanted to turn and run away and hide.

A girl can wait too long, you see. She can hope too long. And there is nothing truer than that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." And makes the mind a little crazy, too, perhaps. So that a girl can get a mad impulse and go through with it, thinking it is a great and wonderful adventure.

That was what I did. For three years I had taught school in my home town of Big Boulder, ever since I had to quit college and support my mother. At first I heard often from Bill, long letters telling me that college wasn't much fun without me. Then they changed, they were brief, they told of graduation, of getting a job, and after a while they became postcards. I

Stefan would spell romance for any girl, with his delightful manners. his promise of shining adventure. No wonder Lisa forgot Bill at last!

From a Case Heard on A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board

could understand that he wouldn't have much time for writing letters, now that he was a reporter on a Chicago newspaper. But it wasn't long before I was getting my only news of Bill the same way millions of other people were getting it—by way of syndicated dispatches from Europe under his by-line.

IT was all gradual, sickeningly gradual. But one day, three weeks before I was to begin my fourth year of teaching ten-year-olds the same lessons in long-division and geography, I was sitting in a teachers' meeting listening to a little speech from our superintendent, Mr. Gleason, about the year that lay ahead of us, and I knew quite suddenly that I could not face it. In that moment I rebelled. I might seem to Mr. Gleason the ideal modest mouse of a fifth-grade teacher in my neat brown twill with its immaculate cream-colored linen collar, my ashblond hair drawn tidily up into a knot, my smoke-blue eyes well hidden by the spectacles I needed for deciphering the scrawls of children's spelling papers. But that wasn't me. Not the real me. Inside there was someone different, someone with urges, fiery longing for fun and happiness. Yes, and for romance!

The idea of going to the Springs came to me then. Just fifty-eight miles away was a town that might have been a foreign country dropped into the middle of our state, where people from all over the world came, ostensibly for their health. Everybody went there—everybody but people like me. It was a sort of unwritten law that the Springs and the rest of the state didn't mix. But what was to stop me from breaking that law?

But I was to find that the kind of courage it takes to draw one's money out of the bank to toss away on one mad gamble is not enough to help a girl face a world in which she does not belong.

I don't know whether I would have got off that train at the Springs at all if I had not looked out the window and caught a glimpse of Stefan Denenyi. Only a glimpse, just a flash of white teeth in a lean brown face as he bowed over the hand of the luscious red-head who had been on the train. But it was enough. I seized the little rawhide dressing case that matched the two big bags which the porter had taken to the vestibule, and I jumped off the train just as the wheels began to move.

After that it was very simple—and very unreal. I walked to the limousine marked the Farmstead, into which the dark man was helping the red-haired girl, and no one questioned my right to be there. No one seemed to find me anything to laugh at as I walked across the broad veranda of the hotel and into the lobby to sign the register. The clerk behind the desk looked at my signature and did not question it: Lisa Maryott Davies, High Ridge, Kentucky. I had a perfect right to make any modifications I liked in my own name, and after all, I really had visited my uncle once in Kentucky. It seemed so innocent, that little device, then.

The queer thing, the surprising thing, was that my plans worked. After not too many bad moments, without too much deep and abject fear, I really met and danced with Stefan Denenyi. That was not too much of a miracle, either. For when we sat at cocktails that first night before dinner, he told me of his official position in the hotel as Coordinator of Recreation.

"Though sometimes," he told me bitterly, looking at a group of large-bosomed, complaining-voiced women entering the bar, "I have the suspicion that my title should be—oh, well, never mind!"

His brown eyes were velvet-dark with shame. I was sorry for him. I could imagine the sense of degredation a job like this would give a man who had been the respected student son of a respected doctor in his own country. But he shrugged fatalistically. "Why should we mourn a life that is gone—how do you say—on the wind? One has gratitude merely to exist in this so great country of the free air—" He drank the last of his cocktail with a gesture so debonair that I knew I had not been wrong when I recognized in him the very essence of the romance I had come to seek. "But let us talk of you," he said. "I see a picture in the eye of my mind. You are astride a horse, your so lovely hair blowing in the wind, looking very small and slight up on the back of the great animal who is held in subjection by your little hand. Do I see correct?"

I had to laugh, thinking of the only time I ever rode a horse. Certainly I had been small, not over seven, and certainly the horse had been so great an animal that I had pretended he was an elephant and not a plowhorse being led home from the field. I said, smiling, "There are points of resemblance."

He nodded in satisfaction, and I thought nothing more of it until he introduced me to Maris Garveau.

We had stopped beside the roulette table where her red head was bent intently, watching the tiny dancing ball as it came to rest at last on the number 17. All her chips, and they were hundred dollar ones, were on that number, but when she looked up and saw Stefan Denenyi watching, she seemed to lose all interest in the game. She turned away carelessly as the croupier began raking in the losers' chips and shoving them with deft speed to make an enormous pile beside

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This story, by Hope Hale Davis, was suggested by a true case history presented on A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board, the great human interest program on Mutual, Mondays at 9:30 P.M.

her place. She looked up at Stefan and her green eyes grew very bright. She said, "Cash my chips, will you darling?"

"But with pleasure," he told her. "And now the two most beautiful ladies in the hotel must meet."

She turned and gave me the most brilliant smile I ever received, and—as I realized after a moment—in some odd way the deadliest. She was seeing right through me, I thought desperately, straight to the school teacher from Big Boulder. And Stefan was saying, "Miss Dahvees is of what you call the land of Blue Fields, is it not?"

I tried to laugh. I said, "I'm afraid it's a long time since I've seen the blue grass of Kentucky."

Maris Garveau eyed me from head to foot and said, "But once a Kentuckian, always a horsewoman. You must ride with me tomorrow."

I had never even owned a pair of riding breeches. I would not know how to mount a horse. I looked her in the eye and said, "I'm afraid not. Not tomorrow." And I shut my lips firmly on the hasty nervous excuses that wanted to come out.

When I went to my room that night, I dared to hope that I had won the first round. For Stefan had kissed me as we stood watching the tiny crescent moon slip down behind the hills out past the golf course.

It was not a thing that I intended to have happen on the first night I had met a man. But nothing I had ever experienced could prepare me for the skill and delicacy of Stefan's approach. A moment before he had been telling me of a view from a hilltop over the Danube. One of his hands had taken

For a moment I felt lonely. Then Bill's arms were around me, his cheek against the top of my head.

mine, lightly, had straightened out my fingers, one by one. - Then he had cupped my head beneath his hands and drawn my lips to meet his in a kiss so light, at first, so gentle, that I hardly knew when the quality had changed to something very different from gentleness. But before my mind could catch up with the beating blood from my heart, he had released me and said good-night.

I did not see him till after lunch when we met on the terrace. He had time only to tell me that he must spend the afternoon riding with Maris Garveau. "Yesterday I liked best of my day to ride the trails. But today, without you, the scene shall be so flat as desert sand. Tomorrow you shall ride with us."

I did not have time to answer. It was at that moment that I looked up and saw Bill Jamieson. Bill, who for so many years I had wanted to see—and who was the last person in the world I could have asked to see at that moment.

At first I did not know why I got the funny empty sensation inside as my eyes passed idly over the group of people on the porch. It was habit, I suppose. For years I'd felt it every time I saw a man who carried his broad shoulders just that way, sort of swinging as he walked. But this man limped, I observed with that part of my mind that always seemed busiest with details when I am deeply absorbed in something else. And then he turned, and I knew. Even with his limp, this man was no stranger. It was Bill! For an instant I felt a surge of gladness, before I realized what this meant. He would give me away! I whirled abruptly.

But it was too late. Bill was coming up the walk and his blue eyes were alight with recognition. In a minute he would say, "Why, Bets, what brings you here? Why aren't you home in Big Boulder (*Continued on page 53*)

I'll Love You Again

IT had been a day like any other. That, I thought resentfully as I dressed for the dance, was just the trouble. *All* days lately were like any other. Wasn't there ever anything new, anything exciting to look forward to? Had life so soon lost the flavor of expectancy? What was the matter with me?

Heaven knows, I had most of the things that could make a woman happy. Carl loved me, and for the five years of our marriage he had been the finest, most generous husband anybody could have. I had a lovely home, filled with gracious living; I had money enough in a modest way to buy what I wanted. I was twenty-five, healthy, and—some people said—pretty. It wasn't a question of time on my hands, because with a house to manage and three committees on war work, my days were busy and active. Then what was it? Why did I have this sense of missing and unfulfillment?

In sudden impatience at all my unanswerable questions, I got up from the dressing table and turned to the new dress spread out on the bed. That dress had been sheer, criminal extravagance but I hadn't been able to resist it. And as I slipped the gossamer silk folds over my head and turned to the full-length mirror, I knew why. It was made for me. It was fashioned of lamé, with a low-cut neckline and tiny sleeves; from the slim bodice, yards and yards of tulle skirt swept to the floor. It was the dress blondes dream of, that brings out the gold highlights in your hair and makes your skin creamy. You felt like a Hollywood glamour girl in it.

I turned from the mirror and laughed a little wryly. Carl wouldn't even notice it. He never seemed to notice what I wore. And when I asked him if he liked it, he would say "Very nice, my dear," and that would be that. Carl wasn't one for pretty speeches.

Downstairs, the doorbell rang. I sighed. That would be the new efficiency expert Carl had told me about at dinner. "He's said to be brilliant," he explained. "With him, we can double the output at the factory in six months and make our former war production look sick. I asked him to come along to the dance tonight, Laura. Be a good chance to get acquainted."

I knew what he'd be like. Dry, and stuffed with facts and figures, and he and Carl would talk shop all evening. I knew what the evening would be like, too. Carl gave a dance for his employees every six months—a lovely one that they attended because they wanted to and not out of duty. It was at the ballroom of Carleton's one big hotel, and there were two orchestras that played all night so that everybody on all the shifts could come. And Carl would dance once, dutifully, with me—he hated dancing, and danced as if he did. Then there'd be a sedate turn or two about the floor with the other executives. And the rest of the time I would sit and watch the youngsters have the time of their lives until Carl would say solicitously, "Getting tired, Laura? Want to go?" And we'd come home like a doddering old couple and go to bed.

That's the way it would be, I thought, as I walked down the stairs toward the voices below. A night like any other. And then just inside the living-room I stopped with a gasp as if a blow had driven the breath from my body.

The man with Carl . . . he turned slowly as his startled eyes bored into mine. They were dark brown, nearly black, in a face that was lean and tanned and laughter-loving. There was assurance in that face, but some thing else besides—some intensity that caught and pulled you.

"This is David Agnew, Laura," Carl was saying.

In a daze—I was conscious only of the wild beating of my heart—I stretched out a hand grown suddenly cold and murmured, "How do you do—Mr. Agnew."

He seemed about to speak as his fingers grasped mine, to speak some special word for me alone. But he only said, "How do you do—Mrs. Ober."

Somehow I found a chair and sat down, keeping my eyes on Carl as he picked up a cigarette and lighted it. "Have a drink, Agnew?" he said. "I've a phone call to make, if you'll excuse me a moment."

I kept my eyes fixed on the glowing end of the cigarette until Carl left the room. When I raised them, David Agnew was beside me. "After all these years—Laura, I never dreamed—I had the shock of my life when you walked in that door. You're lovelier than ever, even more than I remembered."

"It was a shock to me, too," I said as easily as I could. "Carl hadn't mentioned your name. In fact," I laughed a little, "it was such a shock, I couldn't even say I'd known you before. Silly of me, wasn't it?"

"Was it? Maybe it's always better to forget what might have been and just start fresh with what *is*." His voice even more than the words, pulled at me as it always had, bringing back that old, sharp sense of excitement. "I've thought about you oftener than you'd ever believe, Laura, wondering where and how you were. I never expected

She knew she must break Carl's heart or her own, this wife who cherished a dream all these years, for David was the dream come alive once more. It was heaven to be with him

that the lovely Mrs. Ober I've heard so much about in the two days I've been here would turn out to be—the love of my life." He said those last words lightly, as any man might to an old sweetheart he hadn't seen in years. But they clung caressingly.

"Tell me about yourself." I was struggling for self-possession. "Are you married?"

"No. Maybe I could never find the girl who would make me forget the one I took to the Junior Prom way back in '36. There's not much to tell. I got into this business a few years ago and have been plugging away at it, here and there, ever since. Then your husband offered me this chance here and—well, that's all there is to tell. Now about you—are you happy, Laura? Has life been good to you?"

"It's given me Carl," I said. "And Carl's the finest man in the world. And it's given me—all this."

He followed my gesture around the living room, with firelight glowing on the polished old antiques I loved so much, on the rows of well-read books, on the phonograph in the corner beside its shelves of recordings. "It's a lot," he said slowly, "but—" And then he took my arm gently, turned me toward the mirror above the mantel—"but look at yourself, Laura. Your face is the same—only lovelier, as I said. But your eyes—they look restless and—yes, and haunted. Almost as though something were missing that you should have . . ."

My breath caught. He'd seen it—the thing I'd felt upstairs only a few moments ago, the thing I'd tried to pin down and couldn't. "Nonsense," I started to say, and then Carl came into the room.

I don't know what we talked about in those next few minutes. Mercifully, it was mostly about the plant, I think—talk the two men shared, which left me without necessity for joining it. As soon as I could, I excused myself and went upstairs to get my wrap.

I was conscious of the effect I made, coming down the long flight of stairs—I felt as if I were floating down toward the two men who were waiting for me at the foot.

"Well," Carl said, in his hearty, bluff voice, "Ready to go?"

Some imp of perversity made me say it. To this day I don't know why. "Carl—how do you like my dress?" I said. "It's new."

He gave it an appraising glance. "Very nice, my dear. Very becoming." Just as I knew he would.

All during the drive to the hotel I sat silent between the two men. Why was I acting in this foolish fashion? Why on earth hadn't I said, "Carl, isn't it funny? David's an old friend of mine—an old sweetheart I had in college. Isn't it nice to see him again after all this time?" Why hadn't I said it when me met—or say it now, casually?

Because, I told myself honestly, I didn't feel casual. David had stirred something in me, something that had lain asleep since that night so long ago. The night of the Junior Prom way back in '36. . . .

I was eighteen, and in my second year at the little college in Weston, across the state. All life lay ahead, an adventure to be savored to the full, bright with the magic that doesn't exist except in the dreams of the young and eager. I was dancing with David whom I'd met only an hour before, and the piece was that old one of Noel Coward's, "I'll See You Again," and David was singing the words softly—and then suddenly we were looking at each other with new eyes and David said, "This is it."

He led me out on the porch, and our kiss was to each of us like none other that had ever been or could be. It was a breathless, precious moment, caught in time—to be held, we thought, forever.

All during that spring the breathlessness lasted. Every free hour we spent together, reading poetry and finding ourselves in it, seeking beauty where only youth can find it, laughing with the careless joy of being alive and in love. There'd never been a love like ours, we told ourselves solemnly.

And then, the very last day of the school year, we quarrelled. Over what I don't remember. All I remember is the bitterness of it, and the violence. We'd never quarrelled before. Each was too proud to take the first step toward reconciliation, and all that summer I waited for the letter that didn't come, and wrote a hundred of my own that were never sent.

MY father died in late August, and I didn't go back to college. David did. My friends wrote me that he never mentioned my name and he was dating practically every attractive girl on the campus. "But never the same one twice," they wrote. "It's easy to see he's trying to forget you, and can't." Then suddenly, on the offer of a job—David was brilliant even then—he dropped out of college, and I never heard from him again. I knew other men, had other dates, and realized that what we had had was a college romance. But there was a sense of unfinish about it that kept me from ever completely forgetting him.

About a year later I met Carl Ober. I'd heard about him long before we met. Everybody talked of him when he came to Carleton. "He's a great guy," the older men said, "quit school at fourteen and worked his way up and look at him now. Twenty-nine and owns his own business. Got a heart as big as all outdoors, too." Mothers with marriageable daughters gave little dinner parties and whispered to their intimates, "A wonderful catch, my dear. So steady and dependable, and there's a good deal of money, I hear." And the girls my own age reported, "Definitely not the romantic type, darling, but definitely not a drip either. He's swell."

And so he was. All of that, and more. For others didn't know him as I grew to, and didn't recognize that quiet strength and granite-like integrity for what it was. Carl was a big man, strong, and loosely built; you expected him to be awkward but he moved like a cat, for all his size. He was quiet and untalkative—at first I thought because he had little to say. Later, I discovered he was inarticulate from shyness. "You see," he told me once, "I always feel like a fool when I open my mouth. I've never had much education, or any social advantages as a kid, and—well, the things I feel don't sound right when I say 'em, so I don't say 'em. Just a dumb cluck, I guess."

He was terribly wrong about that. He may not have had much formal schooling, but in his quiet way he was deeply intelligent, deeply wise. And he couldn't have done anything mean if his life depended on it.

When he asked me to marry him, two months after we met, there was never any doubt in my mind about what to say. I loved Carl, and respected and admired him more than anyone I'd ever known. And in his quiet, inarticulate way, I knew he'd give his life for me. The first years of our marriage I was completely happy.

Then, all of a sudden—well, it was like going to bed one night with everything normal and fine, and waking up the next morning to find life gone flat like a leftover glass of champagne. The sparkle was gone, the enchantment. I didn't know why, or what was missing, until the night I walked into the living room and looked again at David Agnew.

It was at the dance I really knew.

By the time we reached the ballroom, the party was in full swing. The prize for the jitterbug contest was just being awarded to the flushed and triumphant couple of youngsters who had won it. At every dance, Carl authorized a small war bond to be given to the best jitterbug couple and the best waltzing couple. "Good for morale," he said. When the applauding, whistles and cheers died down, the band leader announced the beginning of the waltz contest.

David slipped his arm through mine. "Will you waltz with me, Mrs. Ober?" he said, his eyes teasing.

I looked at Carl. "Go ahead," he said. "I've got to see Hunter."

With an excited gaiety I hadn't felt in years, I let David lead me out on the floor. In the old days he'd been the best dancer I'd ever seen. I soon found out he still was. Our steps, our bodies, fitted perfectly. Soon everybody had been eliminated besides one other couple and ourselves. I looked up at him and laughed.

"You haven't forgotten how," I said. "We're good!"

"Listen. Listen to what they're playing . . ."

The orchestra had gone into "I'll See You Again." Suddenly the years fell away. I was eighteen, in David's arms, dancing on the threshold of magic.

He was singing the words softly, close to my ear, for me alone . . . "'Time may lie heavy between, But what has been—Is past forgetting . . .'" The same as before—yet now, it seemed, with new significance. Had he not forgotten, either? Was he being pulled by the romance of this moment as I was? And then I knew. I knew that what I missed was romance—someone to hold me with possessive arms as we danced, to whisper a love song in my ear; to make me feel desirable and beloved once more . . .

I was jerked up sharply by the sudden burst of applause, the awareness of the smiling faces all turned in our direction. And then I saw we were the only couple left on the floor! We'd won the contest—the boss' wife and the efficiency expert.

The music from the orchestra stopped, but the soft music of David's humming in my ear went on. We were caught, like the children in the fairy tale who had to go on dancing forever. I tried to slow my steps, but David whirled me in the intricacies of his inspired waltz still—and we turned and dipped and glided away from the crowd, through the open French windows and onto the terrace, to stand there transfixed in each other's arms for a moment, hushed in a magic of our own making.

Laughter behind us, from within the room, broke the spell. I pulled out of David's arms. "We must go back inside," I cried. "They're waiting for us—David!"

HE laughed as he caught my hand and pulled me back through the doorway.

Flushed and embarrassed, we went up to the band leader to receive our prize. I wanted to sink through the floor, as the applause doubled. How much had people seen, in that dance? Had they read my feelings in my face? Almost beseechingly, my eyes sought Carl's. He was standing beside Mr. Hunter, politely applauding and looking a little embarrassed, but his face told me nothing.

We didn't stay much longer. I pleaded the excuse of being tired, but I *had* to get away. I couldn't have danced with David again, couldn't have acted as if that moment on the floor had never been. . . .

At home, getting ready for bed, Carl said suddenly, "You and young Agnew seemed to get along well. You danced together as if (*Continued on page* 79)

Helen Irwin Dowdey's "I'll Love You Again," was suggested by an original radio script, "Old Love," by Robert Wetzel and Robert Arthur, and heard on Mutual's Just Five Lines series.

Tears ARE SO REAL

Just the sound of footsteps, and a voice humming a song—but they set free the tears and anguish Lila thought she had locked away in her heart forever

ACTUALLY, this is the story of just one day out of my life—the most important day of all the days I've ever lived or ever will live. It was the day I—well, let's say it was the day I woke up, when I finally got a clear look at myself and at my life. But the roots of the story go far back, of course, far back to the beginning of my life with Jeff, my husband, and to the beginning of my love for him—and to what I once thought was the end of my love for him, too.

The day started badly. Everything went wrong that morning. Ralph Clark, the continuity director of radio station WKKL—I was his secretary—had been home with a cold the day before, and as a consequence, the script for his show, "A Word From The Wise," wasn't ready. Furthermore, he had taken all of the mail on which the show was based home with him the night before last to read—but he hadn't touched it, and that meant that I had all the reading and sorting to do before we could get to the job of actually putting the show together.

To make matters worse, I hadn't pulled out the button on the alarm clock last night, and so, of course, I had overslept. I was acutely conscious of the fact that my hair wasn't as neat as usual, that the chipped polish on two fingernails hadn't been repaired.

So there I was, seated behind my desk, on which was spread out all of the mail which had come to "A Word From The Wise" in the past week, reading and sorting frantically, and wishing for the millionth time that I hadn't been persuaded to return to WKKL.

This was the second time I had worked for WKKL, you see—well, perhaps I had better go back and explain the whole thing, so that you'll really understand how I felt that day. Explain the whole thing—if there's any way to put magic into words, to commit laughter to paper, to tell about heaven, and about the opposite of heaven, too.

THE first time I worked at WKKL had been three years before. There wasn't anything out of the ordinary about my going there. I had been working for a much smaller station, and when I saw WKKL's ad for a secretary for the continuity director, I went up and applied, and waited with a lot of other girls in the lobby. Right up through that point it was very ordinary—just like applying for any other job. But then, when I was shown into Jeff's office, that job suddenly became the most exciting, the most wonderful thing in the world.

Jeff had stood up, and though until that moment I'd always thought of myself as the perfect, well-poised secretary, I couldn't for the life of me find a word to say in the face of his long, lean strength, the wonderful masculine beauty of him. He was very tall, and you knew by the way he walked how the muscles would move in perfect coordination under the covering of his tobacco-smelling tweed suit. He was handsome in a funny, *new* sort of way. Laughter had spread a fine network of little lines from his eyes to imprison the devil in them; laughter had shaped his mouth so that now it curved always a little upwards at the corners. He was—but what's the use of trying to describe anyone like Jeff? He was just Jeff—and there was no one like him anywhere in the world, never had been, and never would be again.

Jeff hired me, and I went to work the following Monday, a slim, efficient shadow, completely overawed by this big, gloriously good-looking man, whose laughter seemed to make the very walls laugh with him, whose eyes plainly said that the whole world, that life itself, was a delightful, ridiculous joke. I don't have to tell you that I fell in love with him. You can tell by the way I talk about him that I was in love with him from the moment I answered his buzzer the first time that first morning until the day, six months later, when I answered his buzzer again to be greeted with "Take a memo to my secretary. Ask her if she'll marry me first thing tomorrow morning." And then, of course, I loved him so much more that the feeling I'd had for him before seemed only a feeble liking by comparison.

But I couldn't say yes to that memo. I couldn't send myself, unquestioning, into Jeff's arms. We were so different, Jeff and I . . . I was afraid.

I didn't know then that a man's laughter could dissolve a woman's will, but I found it out during the few weeks that followed, when I watched my constant "no" change to a final, frightened "yes" under the barrage of Jeff's sweet, tender, laughter-filled urging.

Even when I was standing at the altar with him, when my lips were saying "I do," my mind was saying "I shouldn't."

That's no way to start a marriage. But for a while there was that other part of the beginning—so sweet to be in Jeff's arms, so wonderful the miracle of belonging to him, so heady the delight of being one half of the perfect whole that our marriage was for a little while, that I forgot my fears. It was like being on a vacation, that beginning. On a vacation you try to get away as far as possible from the ordinary routine of your life. You do the things that for the other fifty weeks of the year you never dream of doing. You spend money in a way that you don't spend it at any other time. Laughter comes so easily, and nothing seems quite real. Pretty soon, you tell yourself, I'll be going back to my normal life, but right now I'm not even going to think about it. Pretty soon there'll have to be an end to all this, but I'm not going to believe it until I have to.

But that "pretty soon" never came for Jeff and me. Because Jeff's way of life, his way of looking at things, was like one long vacation. And to me that was like being doomed to live on a diet of cake à la mode—sweet and delightful and rich and unusual for a while—

Jeff had put down the script now, and his eyes caught mine and held them, forcing me to listen to him, to look at him—forcing me to understand.

but in the end cloying and sickening.

You see, normally everything in my world was serious; everything in Jeff's world was funny. To me it was necessary to save money against an emergency. But Jeff's attitude was: money?—there's more where that came from. I had some very hard and fast rules for marriage in my mind, and they included above all a husband's never looking at another woman. But Jeff's attitude toward women didn't change a whit after we were married—he still called the switchboard girl honey and called his new secretary, even as he had called me, darling. He still took the traffic clerk out to lunch sometimes; he still stopped to talk to the script girl whenever he went by her desk, to set her laughter rising high to mingle with his.

It wasn't that any of these things were wrong, or that Jeff meant them to be the prelude to anything wrong. It was my own eyes that saw a strangeness in his actions. To me, you see, black was black and white was white, and there was no room for any gray.

For instance, I couldn't understand Jeff's attitude toward his program. He had a weekly show on the air called "A Word From The Wise"—an advice program that was one of the station's most popular features. But Jeff didn't take even that seriously. "Who'd ever have thought that Jeff Mason—and him such a promising lad, too—would turn out to be maiden aunt to the troubled populace? Problem-buster Mason, they call me," and his laughter would ring out. I couldn't understand that at all, not even when he'd add in explanation, "But, honey, the advice I give is sound and wise and kindly. It must be, or the station wouldn't have kept the program on the air all these years, and people certainly wouldn't keep on writing to me for my advice. So what does it matter if I get a little fun out of it?"

Don't ask me when it was we started to quarrel, or what we first quarreled about. Did I say we quarreled? *I* quarreled. Jeff wasn't an arguing kind of man. And is there anything in the world more maddening than a man who won't fight back? I don't suppose there was ever in the world a woman who took her life and herself more seriously than I did. Or ever a man in the world who took his life and himself less seriously than Jeff. Can you see then, how a perpetual, everlasting funniness came to be the most unfunny thing on the face of the earth, to me?

But I do remember what we *last* quarreled about. A silly thing, I suppose you'll say, to base the ruining of two lives upon, but to me it was not just the action itself, but the fact that it epitomized Jeff's way of doing things, of looking at things, so foreign to my way of doing and looking at them.

Jeff had done some special work at the station, and we planned to use the extra money to have new slip covers made for the somewhat decrepit furniture we'd inherited from Jeff's parents.

But we didn't get the slip covers. Because Jeff bought a dog. A huge, lop-eared, big-footed dog. Oh, it wasn't that I don't love dogs, or that I wouldn't have wanted one—but to take the money, without consulting me, and use it to buy a dog we couldn't possibly keep in a city apartment—well, that was just like Jeff, and it was more than I could stand. I looked at the dog, and I looked at Jeff, and I looked at what I knew our life was going to be, always,—and I simply couldn't stand it.

I packed my clothes that night, and left. And I hardened my heart against the picture that stayed in my mind long after I had gone—the picture of Jeff, sick and hurt, sitting in his favorite chair with one hand buried in the ruff of that ungainly mutt he'd bought. It didn't even occur to me that he'd bought the dog for me, not for himself, until I had said all the irrevocable things I said that night, and had gone away from him—nor did I let myself remember, then, when I was crying out my grievances against him, how wonderful, how secure it felt to be Jeff's wife, to be the woman Jeff loved.

He had bought the dog foolishly, carelessly, as a little boy does things—and that characterized all that he did. I couldn't stand it. I knew that if I let this pass, the same sort of thing would happen next week, next month, next year, forever—and so I left while I was angry enough to leave, while my fury could carry me swiftly out the door and out of Jeff's life.

It was easier, (*Continued on page 61*)

PRESENTING, IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Snow Village

See in interesting close-up photographs the delightful rural folk you've been listening to daily over NBC, sponsored by P. & G. White Laundry Soap

HIRAM NEVILLE, right, is one of Snow Village's leading citizens. When asked about himself, he'll say, "I was born on a farm in this village 62 years ago and the first word I said was 'No.'" Hiram is frugal, honest, suspicious and as New Hampshire as a stone wall. He shows an ornery surface, but underneath he's got a heart of gold, and when he does a generous act he doesn't want anyone to know about it.

(Played by Parker Fennelly)

YOUNG WILBUR AND MARGIE are the young 'uns in love. He's Carrie's son; she's Dan'l and Hattie Dickey's niece. Young Wilbur has been spoiled by his mother for all his eighteen years and, considering this fact, has turned out pretty well. He is Margie's first beau. Hattie has brought Margie up to be smart and capable and nature made her pretty. She can twist Uncle Dan'l round as she pleases, but not Hattie.

(Wilbur played by John Thomas)
(Margie played by Jean McCoy)

GRANDSIR, otherwise known as Wilbur Z. Knox, is the male half of the oldest couple in Snow Village. Although in the middle eighties, he is as lively as a terrier and as unreliable as New England weather. The oldest inhabitant can't remember when he and his venerable spouse agreed on anything. In spite of 50 years of domestic storms, they just celebrated their Golden Wedding day.

(Played by Arthur Allen)

GRAMMIE is the distaff side of the family. She still does her own housework and spends at least half her energy trying to make Grandsir do his share of the work. She is a lady of great firmness of mind, and yet has a very kind heart. She looks sweet and fragile, but nobody can push Gram around. Gram claims she is only sixty-nine years old, but Grandsir has other ideas on that.

(Played by Elsie Mae Gordon)

CARRIE, their daughter, who lives across the Maine line in Brownfield, shows very little resemblance to either of her parents. She is a woman with whom appearances count a great deal, and is the only one who can manage the old couple sometimes!

(Played by Katharine Raht)

DAN'L DICKEY would never acknowledge that anyone managed him, although both Hattie and Margie do that. He is quick-tempered, generous, and impulsive, the complete opposite of Hiram Neville, with whom he has been at swords' points for the past fifty years. (Played by Arthur Allen)

HATTIE, left, manages her husband, Dan'l, without raising her voice. She typifies the women of Snow Village—civic-minded, proud of her responsibilities and normal in her contentment. She's devoted to her husband and home, but is not convinced that men ever make sense. (Played by Agnes Young)

SNOW VILLAGE, WRITTEN BY WILLIAM FORD MANLEY, IS HEARD AT 11:30 A.M., EWT

Love is not

Circumstances had made Barry Morgan her enemy. But when Jennie's mind told her heart that she must hate him, her heart could only answer, "Remember the moon that night you danced together—remember the feeling of his arms around you!"

I DON'T usually listen to Mayor Tolan's speeches on the radio. When you're as unimportant a member of the community as I am, you don't take much interest in what the important ones say. You know that whatever it is, it's not going to do you any good—you'll still be working from nine to six in Greer's Dollar Store, still be tired at night when you come home, and lonely most of the time.

It just happened that this particular Friday night I left my room while dance-music was coming over the air, and when I came back from taking a bath down the hall, the Mayor was talking.

I was going to tune in some other station when I heard it. My own brother's name.

". . . and last night one of these young hoodlums, Michael Rae, broke into a neighborhood candy store . . ."

The room spun around me, and the Mayor's next words got all mixed up into a jumble. "Mike!" I heard myself whisper, far off. "Oh, Mike!"

It had happened—the trouble I'd been afraid of for all the months since Pop went away to work in Detroit and left Mike and me alone in Weston. But I'd hoped it wouldn't be this bad.

Then the room stopped swaying, and the words from the radio made sense again, and I was listening with my heart hammering inside me.

"It must be stopped, and it will be stopped," the hard, angry voice said. "There must be no leniency, no soft sentimentality. It is the duty of your City Attorney, Barrett Morgan, to prosecute this criminal, Michael Rae, with all the energy of his distinguished office. I call upon him, in the name of this city, to do so . . ."

There was more, but it was all the same—loud and vengeful and cruel. "Oh, shut up, shut *up!*" I cried out in helpless fury. But when he stopped at last it was almost worse than ever, because then I was left alone with the knowledge that I'd failed in doing what Pop had asked me to do when he left town—take care of Mike.

I didn't cry. Years ago, when I was twelve and my mother died, I started learning not to cry. There had never been time to waste on tears. In their place had come a slow, burning anger. Anger was all we'd had to live on, sometimes, Pop and Mike and I, when Pop was sick and out of a job. Later, anger had taken the place, for me, of high school books and good times, while I went to work in Greer's store. And it might have been anger, again, that sent Mike to break into a candy store.

Because I knew he'd done it, all right. I never doubted it for a minute. It was the kind of wild, daredevil thing Mike *would* do. But it wasn't fair to blame him, it wasn't fair to hound him and spit out his name over the radio!

I couldn't sit still any longer. I got up and walked around the tiny room where I lived, and I ran my fingers through my short yellow hair until it was all rumpled. I'd have to do something—I'd have to make them *see* that it wasn't Mike's fault—or that even if it was, they were taking away his last hope of being decent by treating him this way!

I'd go to the Mayor . . . But I knew that wouldn't do any good. Just listening to him on the air told me that. They probably wouldn't even let me in to see him. The City Attorney—what was his name? Morgan or something—maybe I could talk to him.

All night long my brain raced around and around—endlessly, miserably. I'd have to see Mike . . . Why hadn't he let me know? . . . and there was Pop . . . I must write him . . . It was going to be bad enough for him as it was, but it would almost kill him if he found out from the newspapers or the radio . . .

THE City Attorney's secretary kept me waiting, the next morning, for an hour before she'd let me in to see him. I sat on a hard chair, wearing my good tan gabardine suit—which wasn't so very good, at that—and tried not to be intimidated by the cool impudence of the way she'd said, "Mr. Morgan's busy just now. He'll see you as soon as he's free if you want to wait." Wait! I couldn't afford to lose any time at the store, but I'd wait forever if I had to!

At last the secretary nodded and said, "Mr. Morgan will see you now," and I went through the glass-paneled door into a big office where a man was sitting between a wide, flat-topped desk and windows which looked out over City Hall Square. The light behind him was so intense that at first I couldn't see him clearly, but when I did the breath went rushing out of my lungs in a gasp, while memory carried me back through the months to a night I'd tried my best to forget.

No matter where you live, you've been in Brewer's Park on a summer evening. It has an open-air dance floor where a four-piece band plays, and a bar where you can buy soft drinks or maybe beer, and electric lights strung between the branches of the trees, giving the leaves a mysterious kind of green they never have in the daytime.

Mary McConnell and I had gone out on the bus because it had been too hot in town—and because we were bored and restless. For the same reasons, I guess, as the two young men who watched us a few minutes and then came over and asked if we'd dance.

Yes, I know—I knew then—that even if there was nothing actually wrong about it, it was common and cheap to let myself be "picked up" that way. But sometimes you hunger for a little laughter—a little adventure, even if it isn't the right kind. You think, "Why not? It doesn't matter. A dance or two . . ."

Only this time it did matter. It mattered terribly.

I wouldn't know the boy who paired off with Mary if I saw him face to face this minute. I hardly looked at him. But the one who danced with me, and who gave me his name simply as Barry, brought me the feeling that I had known him always. In my dreams, I guess, I had. Not his red hair, that went so oddly with his darker eyebrows and lashes, nor his quick smile with its flash of white, even teeth—but surely I'd known the firm sure-

for me

Suddenly he caught me close to him. "Don't, oh please don't," I cried, but he only laughed at me.

ness of his dancing, the warmth of his hand against my back, through the thin cotton of my dress, the clean, fresh smell of the linen jacket he wore.

Between dances we talked, and had some soda pop, and then we danced again. And with every minute that passed I told myself, "This is wrong, all wrong."

It was so easy to see that this was just fun for him. He wasn't the kind of boy—not boy, either; he was twenty-eight or nine—who ever had to pick up a girl in a public amusement park. Every word he spoke, every movement of his body, told about good schools and money and an assured way of living.

At midnight I knew the four-piece band would pack up its instruments and go home; and then this Barry whose last name I did not know would do one of two things—and I did not think I could stand either of them. He might smile and say, "Thanks, Jennie, for dancing with me. It's been fun." And then he and his friend would offer to drive Mary and me home, and they'd see the dingy gray rooming house on the dingy gray city block where I lived, and Barry would know all over again what he'd known well enough before—that I was just a pick-up girl, good for a few dances and a few laughs but not anyone he'd ever want to know better or to bring into his own so-different world.

Or he might try to make love to me. And that would be worse—oh, so very much worse.

I didn't think all this out. I just knew I had to leave him, run away, before the band stopped playing. So when I guessed it was nearly time, I asked him to excuse me and slipped away, under the trees to the bus terminal, and went home alone.

Mary was angry when I saw her the next day. "A fine thing to do!" she complained. "My fellow—Jimmy—was going to take us all to a swell place to eat, but when you sneaked out on the party, it just sort of broke up. What got into you?"

"I'm sorry," was all I could say. "I just—wanted to go."

"And they were so nice!" Mary sighed. "Plenty of money, and even if they'd tried to get fresh we could've

handled them all right."

But I was glad. By running away, I had kept something lovely and sweet . . . kept it untouched until this moment when I faced Barry again in the office of the City Attorney.

He got half out of the swivel chair and then stood, bent over, staring.

"Jennie!" he whispered. "The little girl at Brewer's Park—*you're* Mike Rae's sister!"

Mike Rae's sister. Yes, that's who I was. And he was the City Attorney. Because of that evening in Brewer's Park, he might be more willing to help me—and yet I found myself wishing sadly that the City Attorney had been someone else—anyone else.

I came slowly into the room. "I didn't know—"

HE interrupted me, "Why did you run away like that? I thought you liked me—I thought we were having fun together—and then all of a sudden you were gone."

I met his eyes, hurt and bewildered, and then looked quickly away again. It wasn't possible—it simply wasn't possible that it had meant anything to him. Such things didn't happen. It had hurt his masculine pride, that was all. And anyway, it couldn't matter now, because now I was Mike Rae's sister, and I'd come here to ask for his help—not as Barry, the boy I'd danced with on an enchanted summer night, but as the City Attorney of Weston.

"I'm sorry," I murmured. "It wasn't polite." I tried to smile. "If I'd known you were the City Attorney, maybe—"

"I wasn't then," he said absently. "I was elected this spring." He paused, then drew a breath and squared his shoulders. "Well," he said in a different voice, more matter-of-fact and yet somehow still faintly distressed, "I suppose you came to see me about your brother."

With that, reality came back. Brewer's Park was gone, and we were just the City Attorney and the sister of a boy who'd been arrested.

I sat down, and I tried to tell him all that I had rehearsed so carefully beforehand—how my mother had died when Mike was only nine, how Pop had been sick so long and so badly that now the only job he could get was as a watchman in a Detroit factory, where living conditions were too crowded for Mike and me to join him, even if I could have afforded to give up my job. I tried to make him see how Mike wasn't really bad, just wild and restless and bitter because there didn't seem to be anything for him to do.

"Your brother has been living with you?" he asked, and although I would rather not have told him this, I had to say:

"He was, until a few days ago. He had a room next to mine, and I used to fix breakfast and supper for him on the gas plate. But he—he didn't like it. He didn't like having me know when he stayed out late at night." Spying on him, was what Mike had said in that last ugly, unhappy scene between us, but I wasn't going to tell Barry Morgan that. "So he left, and I didn't know where he was staying. I didn't even know about—his trouble—until I heard the Mayor talking about it on the air."

Barry picked up a pencil as he listened and turned it in his fingers, keeping his eyes on the rubber tip; and then, when I stopped, he dropped the pencil onto the clean surface of his blotter. It fell with a muffled little click, and Barry didn't look up.

"I wish there was something I could do," he said. "But there isn't. Not a single thing. Your brother was caught in the act of robbing the store. He admits he did it. A law has been broken, and it's my duty to prosecute. It's my job. All I can do is suggest that he plead guilty, and I'll ask the judge to be lenient. But—I can't promise that he will be."

I heard him in a kind of incredulous daze. I don't think I really understood, until that minute, how much I'd counted on being able to convince him. I said desperately:

"But if he's sent to jail—don't you see, he'll *never* get over it! He'll come out, and he'll hate the whole world. He almost does now, and that would finish it!"

"I didn't make the laws, Jennie."

Maybe it was his use of my first name that set off the spark of fury in me. I don't know. But suddenly I saw him as smug and self-righteous and unsympathetic. In spite of the gentle, regretful way he'd given me his refusal, that was how I saw him, because I was sure the regret was only an act. I'd been right from the very first. I could love him, but that didn't stop me from knowing that he and I came from different worlds. He didn't know anything, anything at all, about being poor and rootless and watching the good things of life pass you by; and he didn't want to know anything of all that.

"So you won't do anything?" I asked, short and hard.

"I *can't*, Jennie—"

"As far as you're concerned, a boy sixteen years old can be sent to jail and thrown in with a lot of real criminals who'll teach him how, next time, not to get caught!"

He said miserably, once more, "It's my job."

"Yes—but I only wonder if it'll still be your job, next time some rich kid gets drunk and runs over someone, to throw him into jail, too!"

His head jerked back as if I'd struck him, and rage to match my own blazed in his eyes. "You can be sure it will!" he snapped.

I didn't answer. I turned and almost ran for the door, but I hadn't quite reached it when he called:

"Jennie!"

I stopped, my hand on the knob. "Yes?" I said.

"You'd like to see Mike, wouldn't you?" he asked stiffly. "I'll tell Miss Taylor to call the jail and say you're coming over. It's right next door."

My shoulders sagged. Even then, I'd still hoped—

"Thank you," I said, and went out.

I wished afterwards that I hadn't gone to see Mike just then. I was still too shaken from meeting Barrett Morgan to be able to help Mike as much as I should have. His face, still with some of its childish roundness in spite of his sixteen-and-a-half years, was sullen. The shame of being in jail had bitten into him already. He was sorry he'd tried to rob Corelli's candy store, but he wouldn't say so. All he'd say was that they could do anything to him they wanted to—he didn't care.

"But Mike, why did you do it?" I pleaded.

"I dunno," he muttered. "Could've sold the cigarettes and candy to a place the fellows know about. All I was goin' to take didn't amount to much—but I guess that doesn't make any difference now."

It was only eleven o'clock when I left the jail, but I felt as if I'd been there for hours—days, weeks. I was so tired and heartsick that I could hardly put one foot in front of the other. There was nothing to be done—nothing. Barrett Morgan—I had stopped calling him Barry, even in my own mind—had said so. When you broke the law you were punished. It was as simple, and as stern, as that.

And when you allowed yourself to think that someone like Barrett Morgan was kind and sweet, just because he had danced with you one summer night, you were being foolish. He might be kind and sweet to the people in his own world, but that was a world to which I didn't belong.

My old friend, anger, was with me again, bringing me what twisted comfort it could.

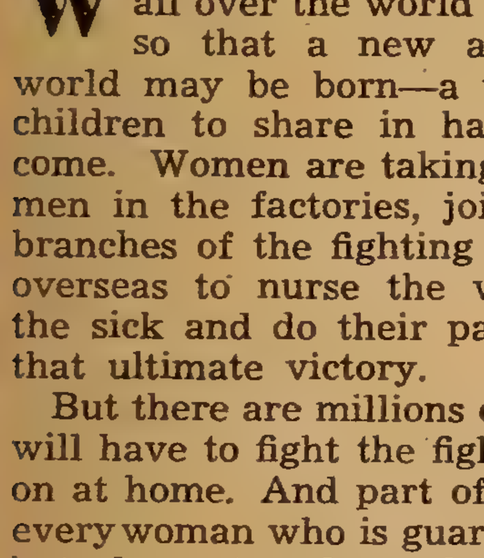
I went to the store and put in the rest of the day working.

They'd told me at the jail that Mike was to go into court on Monday to enter his plea, and this was Saturday. I sat down, that night, to try to write my father a letter, but it wasn't easy. I had made half a dozen false starts when Mrs. Mecinski, my landlady, called up the stairs that there was someone in the living room to see me.

The pen slipped from my fingers and made a blot of (*Continued on page* 67)

"Love Is Not For Me" was adapted by Norton Russell from an original radio drama by Millard Lampell, heard on the Green Valley U. S. A. series on CBS.

Your Own BATTLEFRONT



By Dr. Robert Graham
Dr. Bob of Bachelor's Children

Dr. Bob of Bachelor's Children brings a message of inspiration and common sense to women whose war work centers in the home

WE are at war! On battlefronts all over the world men are dying so that a new and wonderful world may be born—a world for our children to share in happier days to come. Women are taking the places of men in the factories, joining women's branches of the fighting forces, sailing overseas to nurse the wounded, heal the sick and do their part in winning that ultimate victory.

But there are millions of women who will have to fight the fight by carrying on at home. And part of that fight for every woman who is guarding the home is to learn to rely on herself alone in the emergencies which arise. For some women, the man of the house is away at war. For others, he is busier than ever, working longer hours in defense jobs, coming home more weary than he has ever been before. And another man upon whom women have relied so much in the past is no longer so quickly at their beck and call—the family doctor. His work has quadrupled, for many of his fellow doctors are in the service, and it is a part of every woman's war work to learn to guard the health of her family so that she may not make unnecessary claims on the doctor's time and energy.

It's up to the women, whose long days are filled with the many unexciting but highly essential tasks of maintaining the institution upon which this world of ours is predicated—the American home.

Building morale at home includes keeping children and husbands happy, well fed and relaxed. Sharing work and play makes a closer bond between the various members of the family group—and lightens the work.

Outdoor exercise and work can be combined if you have a Victory Garden, for example. Father and the kids dig it up and plant the seeds. Then mother and the kids weed, water and watch it grow. Father does any heavy work necessary on workless weekends—and before you know it it's time to pressure pack and can! Everyone picks and cleans fruits and vegetables. Mother and sister cook and pour. Father and brother, seal and store.

Women will have to learn to cope with broken down plumbing, odd carpentering jobs, gardening, simple electrical repairs—because almost all the handymen are now employed in war industry, or are actually at war.

A mother's opportunity to mould the characters of her children begins when they are born. Self-sufficiency is something everyone has to learn early these

days. Little boys love to perform miracles with hammer and nails. Show him how once—and you'll see how quickly your son will catch on. Little girls will be thrilled to play at housekeeping, to assist with bed making, dusting and table setting. Simple mixing and even cookery done by your eager-to-learn daughter will help lift the burden a little—and give you more time for Red Cross and USO activities.

Save up the simple, easy tasks for the too-tired-to-do-much mornings. Sit quietly and mend, or darn, or knit. Don't tire yourself out with all of the big jobs at one time. Make a schedule of what has to be done each week and break it down with one big chore a day. Clean thoroughly on the days you don't have to wash or iron. Bake cakes and cookies and custards at once—it's easier to wash a lot of bowls and pans at once than to do a few several separate times, and "wholesale" baking saves precious gas, too.

Conservation is another thing that all housewives will have to practice. The value of your pots and tools and rubber hose will become apparent only when you try to replace them. When you buy clothing—keep the labels that tell the fiber content and the best way to clean or wash the garments. Send the labels along to the cleaner—or follow the washing instructions at home yourself. Woolens are worth their weight in precious metals these days. Treat them gently, brush them often, air and store them with plenty of moth-killing crystals.

Food rationing makes shopping a problem to be thought out beforehand. Plan meals for a week—buy wisely, get the *best*, not only the *most* for your money. Body building and health maintenance is all important. Study the food value charts obtainable at your local CVDO headquarters. Learn the approved methods of cooking, cleaning and storing food to preserve valuable vitamins and minerals.

Naturally, you won't be expected to cope with illness without a good doctor's care. But there is no doubt in my mind that it will become increasingly difficult to obtain a doctor's service immediately. Right now doctors are being taken into the armed services of our country at the rate of one out of every four. This means a larger proportion of medical officers and a smaller group of doctors covering the home front. Case work will increase—and districts formerly served by several medical men will have to depend on the services of one man. Of course, he will be able to take care of everyone—but it may take him time to get to you, or you might learn to do without calling him as often as you have in the past.

One important thing for every woman in America to do is to set aside either a chest or closet for medical supplies. Keep it locked, or make it a strict family rule that everything behind that door is untouchable. Stock it with adequate supplies of sterile gauze and absorbent cotton, adhesive tape in several sizes, a good pair of sharp scissors, iodine, aspirin, bicarbonate of soda, a good ointment for burns, a clinical thermometer (teach someone else in the house to read it also), and a simple, concise, first aid booklet. Keep some clean linen (old sheets or napkins) there as well, and an ice bag and hot water bottle. Then learn the easy, routine rules for first aid in emergencies.

It's every woman's duty to devote some of her leisure time to regular war work. There's plenty of it to be done—and a crying need for women to do it. The Red Cross is begging, pleading for women to enroll as Nurse's Aides and yet they've only got sixty percent of the number that are needed to help out in the hospitals.

I'm a doctor. Every day I see patients, desperately sick people, lying in their beds in the hospital lacking the care which could be given them, if every woman who has a few free hours would enroll. Maybe you don't know that our trained nurses are being taken into the service at the rate of 3,000 a month. The few nurses who are left in each hospital can't possibly give the care their patients need. That's why Nurse's Aides are needed so desperately. Because while the regular nurses are perhaps busy in an operating room, there are still sick children crying for a drink of water, and old people to whom just a little personal attention means more than life itself. There are men being brought into our hospitals racked and broken from injuries—and no nurses to give them the immediate care which they should have while waiting for the doctor's attention. There are baths to be given, beds to be made, instruments to be cleaned and sterilized, food trays to be carried.

That's the kind of help we need and no one has a right to sit back and live his or her own life while men are dying by the thousands all over the world.

I, A WOMAN IN WAR TIME, PROMISE

To guard the health of my family, and, in order to do so, to learn proper and hygienic methods of caring for the sick at home, and to provide a medicine chest in my home, filled with supplies to meet emergencies.

To aid my doctor, whose burden has quadrupled, by not calling him to my home to attend minor hurts and illnesses.

To feed my family wholesome, nutritious, balanced meals, to prepare food appetizingly, and to make sure that the meals for my war workers follow these rules, too, whether their food be packed in lunch boxes or served at odd times of the day.

To find time to spend with my children, no matter how pressing other demands on my time may be, and to teach them to be helpful, useful citizens.

To plant a victory garden, if it is at all feasible, both for the food it will provide and for the healthful outdoor work it will give my family, and to can and preserve for future use the produce of the garden.

To learn how to do minor household repairs for myself, so that I need not call upon other members of my family after their day's work, or upon professional repairmen who are needed elsewhere.

To plan my day well and use my time wisely, to husband my strength and care for my own health.

To offer a part of my time to the service of my country, as a volunteer worker.

To avoid disquieting rumors and never to be a defeatist in thought, word or deed.

Dr. Bob is the typical family physician—the kind women trust in times of illness and trouble, in whom they confide their problems, knowing they will get a wise, kindly answer. Bachelor's Children is heard Monday through Friday on CBS, brought to you by the bakers of Wonder Bread.

(Dr. Robert Graham is played by Hugh Studebaker)

Someone to

She had hundreds of dates—was everybody's girl—until she met Donald, who taught her love and heartbreak too

I THINK now that deep down underneath I knew all along what was wrong with me, what I lacked, what I was seeking so persistently—and in such foolish ways—but I didn't actually realize it until I met Dr. Donald Brennon. It was almost too late when I met him—I was seventeen, and I had been grown up for two years in which I had lived not wisely but too rapidly, so rapidly that I was not aware of the direction my life was taking.

Before I knew that there was a Donald Brennon, had anyone asked me what I most wanted, I would have answered—if I'd paused long enough to answer at all—"a good time."

And I think that at first a good time was all I did want. I'd had too few good times in all the long years it took to reach high school and the social life that went with it. There were nine in our family—nine Derrys, all living in a too-small house on too little money. My father died when I was ten, but long before that I had learned that when a family is too large for its pocketbook, you do not always share with your brothers and sisters—often you compete with them. You compete with them for clothing, for the infrequent extra bit of change which means candy or a movie, for the occasional jobs children can pick up to make a little money.

My whole world changed during my sophomore year in high school. Overnight, it seemed, there were any number of people who wanted to show Priscilla Derry a good time—boys who took me to movies, to football games, to dances, boys who took me riding in cars which rolled smoothly and sweetly along the highway on summer evenings. It didn't matter that my clothes were hand-me-downs, because my figure was good, and almost anything looked well on me. It didn't matter that my shoes were left over from last season, because I was a better dancer than most girls. It didn't matter that my hats were bits of faille and ribbon that I put together myself, because my features were regular, my eyes and hair very dark against my white skin, my mouth naturally red.

When I was sixteen, and able to leave school to take a job at Marley Munitions, I was really happy for the first time in my life. My salary was large enough to help my family considerably with something left over for myself, and for myself I needed very little. The same conditions which had prevailed in high school carried over in my job. There were still boys—men—who were more than willing to see that I was entertained. The only difference was that the entertainment was on a grander scale.

cling to

It was fun to be driven home from work while the other girls took the company bus, fun to bathe and put on a pretty dress and to be taken to dinner at a good restaurant, fun to go dancing after the show. The dancing I loved most of all. To move in rhythm over a polished floor, with the beat of the music and the swelling harmonies and the colors of the shifting crowd.

The mood would carry over after we had left the dance floor, when we were on our way home with the car moving smoothly through the night, the sound of the motor blending with that of a far-away orchestra on the radio. Sometimes then, when we stopped the car, when the cessation of motor and movement made the radio music pour in around us, clear and magically compelling—sometimes then, when strong arms would reach out to draw me close, when clean-cut masculine features bent over mine, when a voice murmured huskily in my ear and a mouth pressed mine, gently at first, experimentally, and then with greater firmness—sometimes I came close to the answer. I would almost know what it was I sought, and yet—a word, a gesture would break the spell, and the moment of knowledge would evade me.

THERE was no one man. I liked Tim, the young engineer, for his laughing blue eyes and his lean, hard grace; I liked Pinky, the production foreman, because he was funny and nice, always laughing and always making others laugh; I liked Jerry, the test expert, for his seriousness and his ambitions; I liked Michael for his dancing. . . .

There was no one man until the morning a piece of metal flew off a moving belt and sliced my hand, and I went to see Dr. Brennon.

We were busy that morning. Sue Falk, next to me on the line, saw it happen and offered to go with me, but without me the line was already one short, and I shook my head. Without intending to, I made a dramatic entrance into the doctor's neat, sunny office, blood soaking through the clean waste I'd wrapped around my hand, dripping down my blue work trousers. Miss Watkins, the nurse, was talking on the telephone. I had never been in the office before; certainly I didn't recognize the young man who stood facing her, his back toward me, as Dr. Brennon.

At sight of me Miss Watkins broke off in the middle of a sentence, put down the phone and hurried around the desk to take my arm.

"It isn't bad," I reassured her. "It's just bleeding a lot."

She gave me a queer look, and asked me to lie down on the cot while she unwrapped the makeshift bandage. My hand began to throb, and I closed my eyes, waiting for the spasm of pain to pass. Then I was aware that someone was working on my hand, so gently that he seemed not to be touching it at all, but the pain was gone as suddenly as it had come.

After a few minutes a masculine voice said, "You can sit up now."

I sat up and opened my eyes, to a series of small surprises. Dr. Brennon was young—and for some reason I always expected doctors to be old. And he was extremely handsome, with dark brown eyes and dark brown hair with just a hint of wave at the temples. His chin was strong, and its shallow cleft and his short, straight nose gave a boyish look to a face which otherwise might have been severe.

I looked at my hand and exclaimed aloud at the bandage. "Why, it's done!" I cried. "I didn't realize you'd done anything to it—"

"Miracles," he replied, his eyes twinkling. "Are you disappointed that it wasn't more complicated?"

"No, I—" I stopped, suddenly confused by his intent look, more confused by the realization that I wished that it had been more complicated, that I would have had an excuse for being with him longer. "It's just that I didn't feel any hurt," I finished.

His eyes twinkled again, and then turned darkly serious. "You're Priscilla Derry, aren't you?"

"Why—yes," I stammered, too surprised and pleased that he knew my name to ask how he knew it.

He appeared to be studying me, weighing me, although in what measure I couldn't guess. He said finally, "You're brave. That was a nasty cut, and you came in here under your own power—alone. Most women would have fainted at the sight of it."

That simple compliment pleased me more than had any number of ardent assurances from other men. "The girls on the line didn't," I answered with some spirit.

He laughed, and helped me off the cot. "You're generous, too, I see. Bring that hand in tomorrow, and we'll have another look at it."

I WALKED out of his office as if wings had suddenly sprouted on the scuffs I wore at work, blessing the accident which had sent me to him. Dr. Brennon—Donald Brennon—liked me. I felt it. Somehow, in the small exchange of conversation, he had made me seem more important than had anyone else. He would ask me for a date—I knew that, too—and of the hundreds of dates I'd had, it would be the one that counted.

The next day we talked again, just a little and no more personally than we had before. He asked me about my work and seemed pleased that I liked it and knew enough about it to talk intelligently.

He changed the bandage on my hand every day that week, and although we talked longer and more freely each time, he still did not suggest that we meet anywhere else. And I was still not disturbed. Other men had never hesitated to ask me out, but I felt that Donald Brennon moved in his own time, and surely. Nor did I try to flirt with him, try to coquette him into asking me, as I might have with another attractive man who hesitated. The bond that was growing between us was at once too strong to need forcing, too delicate to risk spoiling by the wrong word.

It was a happy week for me, spent in the anticipation that every woman knows at some time in her life—of being with the man she loves, of hearing the things she knows are in his heart. In one way my outward life was changed. I, who hadn't spent an evening at home in months, unless it was to go to sleep immediately after dinner to make up for a too-late night before, stayed at home every night that week, went to bed at the decorous hour of ten.

My family, and the people at work noticed the change. Sue Falk commented on the new color in my cheeks and asked if I had gone on a diet of cod liver oil. Tim, the handsome engineer, who hadn't asked for a date in weeks, came out of his office three times in as many days to suggest dinner and a show. I refused him, a little surprised at myself, because I liked Tim more than the others. But after meeting Donald, after the talks in Donald's sunny office, the very thought of spending hours with him was tiresome; the thought of his kisses, of his hands touching me, was revolting.

The following Monday Donald removed the bandage for the last time. He turned the palm for me to see. He said, "I'm sorry to report that you can get along without me from now on. You've been a very pleasant patient."

I knew the next lines, but I couldn't say them. I couldn't smile archly, say that he'd been a pleasant doctor, that I was sorry, too, and hint that he do something about it. I could only go on staring at my hand, caught up in a sudden numbing fear that this might be our last meeting.

I wonder now if he contemplated just that for a moment, because a little silence fell before he spoke again. Then he closed his hand ever so slightly over mine. "But I don't want to lose my patient completely. Will you have dinner with me, Priscilla—say tomorrow night?"

You would have thought that it was the first time I'd been asked for a date. I blushed and stammered and looked at him only long enough to say, "Yes, thank you," and looked quickly back at the scar on my hand, fearful that he might see in my eyes some evidence of the song of joy and triumph that rose within me.

The next day I hurried home from work in order to have a few extra minutes in which to dress. Mother came in while I was putting the finishing touches on my hair. "Out again, Pris?" she asked.

I smiled happily at her by way of my reflection in the mirror. "Out again," I affirmed.

She sighed. "I don't know, Priscilla. You've always been a level-headed girl in most ways, and I've let you do pretty much as you pleased. But I've kept hoping that out of all these fellows who come calling for you, you'd meet one you'd stick to. Of course, you're so young—"

I continued to smile, without speaking. "Don't worry, mother," I assured her silently. "I've met him, finally. And I know you'll like him."

I was proved right when Donald came for me. Mother had always been polite enough, but rather brief, to my friends. With Donald, however, after one covert, measuring look, she was warmly friendly.

"Your mother," Donald said as we left the house, "is remarkable. Any woman who manages single handed to raise nine children, and who still has a cheerful word—"

I drew a deep breath of the scented summer evening, sweet as the taste of happiness. The night was beginning well.

Somehow, when I thought of being out with Donald—and I had thought of little else for the past two days—I always pictured us dancing together. At that point my imagination would go no further. Except for ministering to my hand, Donald had never made

the slightest move to touch me, never by a look or an expression indicated that he wanted to touch me, or that he even thought about it. Heaven knows I wanted him to, wanted to belong to him completely and forever, and never to anyone else. But the time had not yet come, and until that time, until he had thoroughly worked things out for himself, I knew that he would hold back, as he had at first refrained from asking me to go out with him.

But we could dance together. I could have that much of his arms, feel that much of the deep, strong rhythm of him, know that much of closeness to him.

We had intended to go dancing. Donald had mentioned that he liked sweet music, and we decided upon the Shorewood, a summer pavilion not far from the inn where we were to have dinner. We never did get to the Shorewood. The inn was almost deserted — apparently people preferred livelier things than good food on that summer night—and the quiet and the emptiness of the place gave it an air of intimacy which encouraged conversation. We talked—about everything, about Donald's work and the practice he hoped to have after the war, about

Adapted for Radio Mirror by Helen Christy from an original radio drama, entitled, "Wherever You Are I Love You," broadcast on My True Story, heard Monday through Friday at 3:15 P.M., EWT, over the BLUE.

the rationing which would curtail jaunts to inns such as this one, about our families, and about ourselves. We talked until eleven-thirty, when the sleepy proprietor began to tilt the chairs against the tables.

Regretfully, we rose to leave. "No dancing tonight, I'm afraid," Donald said. "You have to get up as early as I do, and I won't be responsible for your coming to work looking as if you'd been run through a mixer. I'm sorry if you're disappointed."

"I'm not," I said quickly. "It's been —wonderful, just as it is."

His hand tightened on my arm. "That's the way I feel about it."

We drove silently at first, contented with ourselves, with our time together. Then I remembered that I'd wanted to ask him more about a case he'd mentioned.

"It's a long story," he answered, "and complicated. He began to slow the car, looking for a side road. "Half an hour more won't hurt, will it? If we'd gone dancing, we'd have been much later—"

My mind reviewed the pattern to me —the lonely little road and the tree-guarded spot where we could park, the moment after the car stopped in which we sat decorously apart, our talk

Donald, kneeling beside the woman, gave brief orders. He looked at me. "You were with him?" he asked. I heard it as an accusation.

becoming less conversation than the preliminary moves in a game, then the first spontaneous move toward one another and the first tentative kiss, the small flame touched to a tinder pile.

But this time, I knew, it wouldn't be like that. This time was different; I was with Donald. I settled myself comfortably in my own corner, waiting while he parked the car, while he tightened the brake and shut off the motor and headlights.

"About that case," I prompted him. "You said the man had come to you the year before—"

He did not answer. His eyes were upon me with that weighing, measuring look I had seen the first day in his office, and my own voice fell away to silence.

His gaze moved to my mouth and lingered there, and then he did exactly what I had not expected him to do. He reached for me suddenly, demandingly, holding me close against him, fitting his mouth to mine and holding it there, hard and hungrily.

At first I was too surprised to respond, surprised and vaguely disappointed. It took a moment for me to realize that Donald's were the arms around me, Donald's the lips on mine, that I was exactly where I had ached to be since my first sight of him.

Then my arms crept around his shoulders and fastened tightly, and I kissed him as I had longed to kiss him, offering all that I was or ever would be, offering him a devotion far greater than I.

For a blind, ecstatic moment we were one, bound together, seeming suspended over space, before Donald took his lips abruptly away and put his hands on my wrists to remove my arms from his shoulders, roughly and definitely. There was a brief, sharp silence, like an exclamation. Then he said, "It was my fault," and added in a queer, tight voice, "You *are* easy, aren't you?"

I turned white. I felt it, felt the blood recede to a cold, hard lump in the center of my body. Then reaction sent it flooding back, and with it hot, honest anger.

"You fool!" I cried, and the contempt I felt was in my voice. "You fool—if you can't tell the real thing—"

He shook (*Continued on page* 50)

LEILA RANSOM
(Played by Shirley Mitchell)

The Great

Meet that pompous but lovable windbag and his supporting cast, who greets you with a villainous laugh Sunday on NBC, sponsored by Kraft's Parkay Margarine

MARJORIE FORRESTER
(Played by Lurene Tuttle)

JUDGE HOOKER
(Played by Earle Ross)

THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE is Mr. Average Citizen of Summerfield. Since Gildy has taken over the care of his orphaned niece and nephew, he's always in hot water. If he isn't being too indulgent with his wards, he's having a friendly spat with Judge Hooker, or he's unhappy over his romance. Leroy Forrester, his nephew, teases his sister, plagues his uncle and is always hungry. Marjorie, Throcky's lovely niece, is in love, and even her loyal devotion to her uncle plays second fiddle to her new romance. The love interest in Gildy's life is Leila Ransom, the widow next door. With her sweet ways she has turned him into a lovesick swain. Judge Hooker, that irascible old goat, would rather pick a fight with Gildy than eat.

It's Birdie, the cook, who usually brightens up one of Gildy's bad days.

Gildersleeve

THROCKMORTON P.
GILDERSLEEVE
(Played by Harold Peary)

LEROY FORRESTER
(Played by Walter
Tetley)

BIRDIE LEE COGGINS
(Played by Lillian
Randolph)

LAST NIGHT IT HAPPENED TO ME

Words by GRACE MAXINE BOURET

Music by ARTHUR TURKISHER

Refrain

a tempo

You're so won-der-ful and gay_ One look took my breath a-way!_

a tempo

Love was a mys-te-ry of mad-ness, Now it's a mir-a-cle of glad-ness!

I saw heav-en in your eyes,_ I was tak-en by sur-prise!_

Once in a life-time it can hap-pen, LAST NIGHT IT HAP-PENED TO ME!

Copyright 1943 by Music Products Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

You'll like this new romantic song, featured by orchestra leader Jerry Wald. Add it to your collection of Radio Mirror hit tunes

Won - der - ful you! I'm a slave to your com - mand; This is your

cue, I'm in love, and love is grand! You are part of me it seems,

ten.

You are bor-rowed from my dreams! Once in a life - time it can

hap - pen, LAST NIGHT IT HAP-PENED TO ME!_ ME!

RADIO MIRROR'S HIT OF THE MONTH

If love were all—

It came simply and clearly—

the knowledge that she loved

Gene's brother. Somehow

Arda managed to make her

kiss sisterly though she ached

to throw her arms about him!

THE STORY:

THE first happiness of my marriage to Gene had faded, for I had begun to see my husband as he really was—selfish, a man of little honor. It became obvious that he cared very little for me, that he had no intention of repaying his brother Tim for his help in starting us out when we were first married. However, when I learned that I was going to have a baby, I felt that our child would surely find a place in Gene's heart, that the baby would be the basis on which we could rebuild our love and our marriage.

But Gene's reaction to my news was anger. He left me alone to tend the oil station more often than before, disappearing into town on unexplained errands. It was on one of those days, when I was alone, that I hurried down the stairs to service a car, and, going up again, fell, sick and dizzy, down the steep staircase. When I awoke, hours later in the hospital, it was to learn that I had lost my baby. When they told me that Gene was outside to see me, I cried, in my disappointment and bitterness, "I never want to see him again!"

I KNOW how you feel, Arda," Mother said. "Any woman would. That's why you mustn't blame Gene."

The bright sunlight streamed in through the two big west windows of the house where I had been born. Everything in the room—the worn carpet, the comfortably sagging old leather easy-chair that was Dad's favorite, the books in their dull-colored bindings behind the glass shield of the built-in bookcase—all this was as familiar to me as the feel of the ground under my feet. As familiar—and yet as strange, somehow, as if that very ground had fallen away into emptiness.

It was several weeks since I had left the hospital, several weeks since I learned I had lost my baby. (Such a small thing to hurt so, that I would never know whether it would have been a boy or a girl!) It had been Gene's, my husband's, fault that the baby was gone. His entirely, I kept telling myself. If he had taken better care of me, if he hadn't left me to run the service station and wait on customers alone, if he had been less selfish . . . Over and over again, if, if, *if.*

But here was Mother telling me gravely, in sorrow and in love, that I mustn't blame him, and that I must go back to him.

"Marriage isn't all laughing and making love and having fun," she was saying. "In fact, it isn't any of those things, hardly at all. It isn't even cooking meals and making beds and doing your share of the work. Mostly, it's just getting to know that your husband isn't perfect and then not caring if he isn't."

I twisted impatiently in my chair. Words were all very well, and Mother was doing her best to help me find happiness, but— I voiced the rest of my thought aloud. "But why go back to Gene when I know I'll never again love him the way I did when we were married?"

"You wouldn't anyhow, no matter what happened," Mother said surprisingly. "I guess I've loved your father about a dozen different ways in the twenty-four years we've been married. And some of those ways were when I thought I couldn't stand the sight of him another minute."

"You couldn't—" I stared at her and then laughed scornfully. "As if I didn't know you and Dad have always been crazy about each other!"

"That's what we always meant you to think," she answered with some tartness. "As a matter of fact, when you were about six we might very easily have separated, except that neither of us wanted to give you up. I can't exactly remember what the trouble was—probably a combination of several things . . . Anyway, we stuck it out together, and I've never stopped being glad we did. I'd have been the most miserable person on earth if I'd left your father—just as miserable," she concluded, looking at me hard, "as you've been the last two weeks, deciding you wouldn't go back to Gene."

"I haven't—" I began, but I stopped.

So much of what Mother had said was true. You couldn't look for perfection in anyone, and marriage wasn't all fun. I'd known both these things long ago—or I'd thought I did. Then why couldn't I simply put my knowledge into practice? Was it pride because in the first shock of knowing the baby was gone I had said I didn't ever want to see Gene again? Surely not entirely, since I had, after all, seen him several times. Was it—and here I tried to be perfectly honest—because I wanted to put all the blame on Gene for what had happened? Did I think that thus I could make myself forget that I should have seen a doctor as soon as I knew the baby was coming, gotten advice from him on how to take care of myself and then followed it? Well, I admitted uneasily—perhaps.

Mother must have seen the conflict in me, for she suddenly leaned forward and put one hand lightly on mine. "Dear," she said, "there's nothing so important as giving marriage one more chance."

A warm mist came suddenly to my eyes. "Yes," I said. "Yes, I know"—and realized as I said it that I was almost happy, in a tired kind of way.

Mother hadn't mentioned, but both of us knew, that the road to reconciliation with Gene would be easy. I had been too weak and too unsure of myself to talk things out with him since leaving the hospital. Moving to my parents' home, it had been tacitly understood between us, was only temporary. Naturally, I would be more comfortable there, with Mother to take care of me, than I would have been in the apartment over the service station, with Gene busy downstairs most of the day.

SO there had been no open break. Gene had brought me flowers at the hospital, and he'd come to see me at home nearly every night, after closing the station. He knew, of course—how could he help it?—that something had gone out of my love for him, and without admitting this openly he was trying to win me back.

But tonight this hidden tension would be brought out into the open. For better or for worse—in the so-true words of the marriage service—I would tell Gene I was ready to come back to him.

He arrived at the house a little before nine, still dressed in the white duck trousers, (*Continued on page* 73)

There was the night Tim proudly displayed the dress he bought me. I tried to be grateful—but I was thinking of the men who were dying.

Mother and Dad

Join your radio neighbors
at home for a good old-fashioned song fest

MOTHER and Dad are the kind of people you would like to know, and their house is the kind of house you'd like to visit.

The Mother and Dad program has gained thousands of regular listeners all over the country for those very reasons—friendly people who feel that the gatherings around the fireplace at the home of Mother and Dad are like informal get-togethers in their own homes and the houses of their friends, and lonely people to whom listening to the program is almost the next thing to being back home themselves.

Here's what happens when Mother and Dad and their friends get together. There's singing of the old, familiar songs around the parlor organ, with Polly playing the accompaniment and everybody joining in on the chorus. Letters, sent in by listeners, containing bits of poetry and philosophy are read, everyone taking turns. Mother's refreshments are always welcome—especially that wonderful, spicy gingerbread.

Mother and Dad is heard over CBS, Monday through Friday at 5:15, EWT. Mother and Dad are shown above. On the opposite page are Polly and Mother, seated, and, left to right, Joyce, Gordon, Katherine, Willard, Helen, Adrian, Norman and Dad. In circle, some of the neighbors leaving after a song fest. Harry Herman writes the scripts.

Next time you buy a chicken buy a pound of macaroni too. That's for this attractive casserole you'll make for the next evening's meal.

What We USED TO WASTE

WRITING in the New York Post, Neal O'Hara said recently, "If every American wasted as little as half a slice of bread each day, it would aggregate 3,750,000 loaves." The U. S. Government, in urging housewives to conserve and salvage the millions of pounds of kitchen fats wasted annually, points out that one pound of salvaged fat is sufficient to fire four 37 mm. anti-aircraft guns.

Not even to the most economical of us, half a slice of bread and a teaspoon or so of fat thrown away each day doesn't seem very wasteful, but added up, the figures above indicate that we are pretty extravagant; they indicate, too, that if we waste bread and fat we probably waste other things as well. And since today none of us can afford, either economically or patriotically, to be wasteful I'd like to give you some pointers this month on how to make use of things we used to throw away, and how to make our food, both rationed and unrationed, go as far as we can make it.

Take the saving of bread, for instance. The best way I know to save that is to be sure never to slice more bread than will be eaten at one meal, to keep the loaf wrapped closely in oiled paper in the refrigerator between meals and to plan your menus so as to use up stale bread in puddings, stuffings and so on. You can even save on the butter you use on bread by making honey or marmalade butter for spreads. Simply cream butter as you do when making cakes and work in honey or marmalade (one part butter to two parts honey or marmalade).

Even bones have their food value, especially chicken and duck carcasses. Most of us eat the choice parts of fowl, and think that such bony sections as necks, backs, breastbones and even wings are more trouble than they are worth. But by planning ahead, we can turn these unpopular portions into a next day's meal which is just as tasty as the original. As a starter, the next time you buy a chicken to fricasse, try this savory recipe and buy a pound of macaroni, too—that's for the leftover dish.

BY
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

Savory Fricasse

1 chicken
½ cup flour
3 tsps. salt
½ tsp. pepper
Bacon or other drippings
1 clove garlic
2 green peppers
4 tomatoes
1 onion
½ lb. mushrooms (optional)
½ tsp. rosemary (optional)
2 cups boiling water

Have the chicken disjointed and dredge each piece in flour, to which the salt and pepper have been added. Brown the garlic in (*Continued on page* 84)

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News and Organ
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News and Organ Recital
		8:30	CBS:	Musical Masterpieces
		8:30	Blue:	The Woodshedders
		8:45	CBS:	Village Chapel
8:00	9:00	9:00	CBS:	News of the World
8:00	9:00	9:00	Blue:	World News
8:00	9:00	9:00	NBC:	News from Europe
8:15	9:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
8:15	9:15	9:15	Blue:	White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	9:15	NBC:	Commando Mary
8:30	9:30	9:30	NBC:	Marcia Neil
8:45	9:45	9:45	CBS:	English Melodies
9:00	10:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	10:00	Blue:	Fantasy in Melody
9:00	10:00	10:00	NBC:	Radio Pulpit
9:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
9:30	10:30	10:30	Blue:	Southernaires
10:00	11:00	11:00	CBS:	Warren Sweeney, News
10:00	11:00	11:00	Blue:	Tony Pastor's Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Egon Petri, Pianist
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Josef Marais
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Olivio Santoro
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Transatlantic Call
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Emma Otero
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Stars from the Blue
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	That They Might Live
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Horace Heidt Orch.
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Morgan Beatty
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC:	Labor for Victory
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Quincy Howe
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	We Believe
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Stoopnagle's Stooparoos
		1:45	Blue:	Martin Agronsky
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Those We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	University of Chicago Round Table
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
11:50	1:50	2:55	CBS:	Aunt Jemima
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Moylan Sisters
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Reports on Rationing
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	Wake Up America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	The Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	National Vespers
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Green Hornet
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lands of the Free
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Gunther & Vandercook
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Ella Fitzgerald
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue:	Musical Steelmakers
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	The Shadow
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Arch Oboler Dramas
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Irene Rich
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Joseph Stopak's Orch.
8:00	5:30	6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Soldiers With Wings
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS:	Stars and Stripes in Britain
	6:30	7:30	CBS:	We, the People
8:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Only Yesterday
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Roy Porter, News
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Charlie McCarthy
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
6:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Radio Reader's Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Old-Fashioned Revival
7:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue:	The Parker Family
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS.	FRED ALLEN
8:15	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Jimmie Fidler
	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Man Behind the Gun
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
		11:10	CBS:	Larry Lesueur
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Tommy Tucker Orchestra
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Saerchinger
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Benny Goodman Orch.
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Unlimited Horizons

UPSIDE DOWNEY . . .

When Morton Downey came back on the air to do his five-afternoons-a-week show over the Blue Network at 3 P.M., EWT, there was great rejoicing, particularly among the Irish.

You might not think it from listening to Downey, but he is quite a disturbing fellow. All his life he's made a specialty of doing the unexpected. Morton was born in Wellingford, Connecticut, where his father was the local fire chief. Downey wanted nothing to do with fire engines. He wanted to be a singer. Instead, he became a candy butcher on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad at the age of fifteen. He was then offered a job higher up in the company servicing the trains. Instead he got another job on the railroad at the helm of a donkey engine. He was fired for speeding! He tried to sell insurance and was fired. He still wanted to be a singer, so he went to work selling phonograph records.

Downey then came to New York to be a singer in his own right and got, of all things, a job as a song plugger, selling other singers the popular songs of the day. Then Morton got the one job he thought would be perfect, a job with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. As a singer? Oh, no. He came to be known as that personable young saxophone player, who glamoured up the sax section. That was all he did, too. He couldn't play the saxophone.

Eventually, Whiteman let Downey sing, but he never cared very much for the tenor's voice. Downey left Whiteman and struck out on his own, singing in nightclubs all over America and Europe.

When he came back from Europe, Downey went to Hollywood to be in one of the first talkies, "Syncopation." He got to be quite a star in pictures, but decided not to stick around but to go into radio. Later he was lured back into pictures.

He left pictures and radio a few years back because somebody told him that singers who could not make jokes or act as an emcee were washed up in the night club business. Downey wanted to turn that theory upside down. Within one year, he had broken records in such notable nighteries as Cafe Lounge of the Savoy Plaza in New York, the Copley Plaza in Boston and the Mayfair room in Chicago.

In private life, Morton Downey is just as upside down as his professional career has been. He looks athletic, but he is exactly zero when it comes to strenuous sports. He calls himself a bathtub singer, but he prefers showers. He buys hundreds of hats, but rarely wears one. Young girls think he is a sophisticated man of the world, but actually most of his time is spent with his five kids.

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life is Mine
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John, News
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	The Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
2:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	The Captivators
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Jack Baker, Songs
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
1:15	10:45	11:45	CBS.	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Vincent Lopez Orch.
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
		2:45	Blue	Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Landt Trio & Curley
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
2:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Columbia Concert Orch.
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Joe and Ethel Turp
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Off the Record
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Keep the Home Fires Burning
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Paul Sullivan, News
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry and The Pirates
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Mary Small, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Victor Borge
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Ceiling Unlimited
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	GAY NINETIES
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	True or False
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Counter-Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Doctor I. Q.
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Dale Carnegie
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
8:30	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Information Please
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Three Ring Time
		10:30	Blue:	Alec Templeton

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life is Mine
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John, News
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
11:15	10:15	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:15	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Victory Hour
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Sing Along—Landt Trio
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	David Mannes School
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Joe and Ethel Turp
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	It's Off the Record
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You A Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Keep The Home Fires Burning
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Frazier Hunt
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry and The Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	John B. Kennedy
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Harsch
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Victor Borge
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love A Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue:	Men, Machines and Victory
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Lights Out
8:30	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Al Jolson
9:00	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Duffy's
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Horace Heidt
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Burns and Allen
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Suspense
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Murder Clinic
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee and Molly
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Dale Carnegie
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Jazz Laboratory
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Red Skelton
		10:30	CBS:	Talks
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Mary Small Sings

SMALL PACKAGE . . .

That's Connie Haines, our cover girl—and she is a small package, a five-foot-tall, one-hundred-pound package of dynamite.

Connie's real name is Yvonne Marie Ja Mais—a big name for a little girl—and she was born in Savannah, Georgia. Her mother was then giving singing lessons and little Yvonne Marie came in for her share of the lessons. By the time she was four, she was ready for her debut. Yvonne Marie appeared in a "Saucy Baby Show," at Savannah's Bijou Theater, with Pick Malone, of radio's Pick and Pat team. That was the beginning.

A few years after that, her family moved to Jacksonville, Florida. Her talent and her desire to sing soon made her parents give her their consent to audition for a children's program and it wasn't long before she blossomed forth as the "Little Princess of the Air" on a sponsored broadcast over a Jacksonville station. This was when she was ten years old.

Four years later, Yvonne Marie travelled to New York City—and she wasn't travelling to see the sights. She worked around a bit and finally hit an engagement at the Roxy Theater. When that was over, she returned to Florida, headed for Miami, and did fairly well for herself in that resort's most exclusive night spots.

It was after this whirl that she joined Harry James's band as featured singer and her name was changed for reasons of billing and pronunciation to Connie Haines. Her tour with the band lasted three months, after which she went back to Miami and more night club engagements.

Then, Tommy Dorsey heard her sing and immediately engaged her as his featured songstress.

Her work with the Dorsey band, on and off the air, kept Connie plenty busy for some time. This year, she left the band to join the Blue Network's artist staff in Hollywood. Her appearance last summer as the featured singer on the John Nesbitt-Meredith Willson show brought her to the attention of the producers of the new Abbott and Costello series on NBC. She auditioned. And there she was with Abbott and Costello until Costello's illness. She's now singing on the Comedy Caravan, Friday evenings at 10 P.M., EWT, over CBS.

But are rehearsals and shows enough for Connie? Certainly not. She does a special job for the War Department, making recordings of songs for our boys overseas. Two nights a week, Connie serves at the Hollywood Canteen, dancing one evening and singing the other. One day a week, she gives over to an appearance at a California camp or hospital. Oh, yes, sometimes she works in the movies, too.

As you can see from our cover this month, none of this has hurt Connie's pert looks or zestful well being one bit. She keeps in trim by swimming and playing golf and, for relaxation—when she has time—she collects animal miniatures in china and glass.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Time
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life is Mine
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Food News Roundup
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Sing Along—Landt Trio
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Columbia Concert Orch.
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Joe and Ethel Turp
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeline Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Keep The Home Fires Burning
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry and The Pirates
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Mary Small
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Victor Borge
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
		7:00	CBS:	I Love A Mystery
		7:00	CBS:	Harry James
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Easy Aces
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Sammy Kaye Orch.
5:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:00	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
9:15	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:15	7:15	8:15	CBS:	Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Manhattan at Midnight
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Cecil Brown
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	The Mayor of the Town
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	John Freedom
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Milton Berle
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Dale Carnegie
6:55	8:55	9:55	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Kay Kyser
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Corliss Archer
		10:30	Blue:	Alec Templeton

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Landt Trio and Curley
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Eastern School of Music
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Joe and Ethel Turp
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Off the Record
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Keep The Home Fires Burning
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Frazier Hunt
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry and The Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Don't You Believe It
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	John B. Kennedy
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Victor Borge
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
4:05	6:05	7:05	Blue:	Those Good Old Days
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Coffee Time
		8:00	CBS:	Grapevine Rancho
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	America's Town Meeting
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	ALDRICH FAMILY
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Stage Door Canteen
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Dale Carnegie
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Gary Moore
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	March of Time
7:45	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Talks
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News

B U S Y B O D Y . . .

Claudia Morgan has every right to claim that title, although we cannot take the credit for having thought of it first. She has already appeared in more plays, movies and radio shows than her famous father, Ralph Morgan, and her equally famous uncle, Frank Morgan, put together. Right now, you hear her as Nora Charles in the CBS Thin Man series, heard Friday nights at 8:30 EWT, and as the lead in We Love and Learn and The Right to Happiness.

Claudia was born in New York City and educated at Ely Court in Greenwich, Connecticut, and Miss Dow's at Briarcliff, New York. Her first ambition was to become a painter and she did study. There must have been something contagious about the smell of greasepaint, however, because, in the summer before her last year at school, she just had to talk her way into a part in Margaret Anglin's production of "Gypsy April." Papa Morgan was very put out indeed, when he discovered that his daughter had signed a contract to play opposite him—he was to play the romantic lead—without his even suspecting what was in the air. Claudia changed her name to Claudia Wright and played the part, but in the end, Papa won, because she had to go back to school at the end of summer.

Luckily for her, Papa was out on the road with Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," when she was graduated and she had time enough to land herself a Broadway role before he got back. It was in this play "Top O' the Hill," that she worked with Lester Vail, who now directs her in occasional radio plays. After that first day, she served time in stock in Philadelphia, where David Belasco saw her and signed her to appear in the last play he ever directed, "Dancing Partner."

Since then, she has played in 33 Broadway successes, some of the best known of which were, "Accent on Youth," "On Stage," "Call it a Day," and "The Man Who Came to Dinner," playing opposite Monty Woolley, Alexander Woollcott, George Kaufman and Clifton Webb, when these actors replaced one another.

Five feet, six inches tall, with hazel eyes and chestnut hair, Claudia is glamorous, smart and sophisticated as Nora Charles sounds. She leaves nothing she can do herself to others. For instance, her lovely, new apartment was furnished and planned and decorated entirely by her.

After that first play about which Papa knew nothing, Claudia has appeared with him on the stage again. She played in "Strange Interlude," in the London company with him. She has also worked on the radio with her uncle Frank. They ought to know all about her work by now. The Morgans, however, take nothing for granted. They don't give her a chance to do any backsliding. Both her father and her uncle listen to every one of her broadcasts and send her their criticisms.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:10	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	The Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene and Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Food News Roundup
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS.	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Landt Trio and Curley
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Indianapolis Symphony
12:30	2:30	2:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Joe and Ethel Turp
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Off the Record
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Keep The Home Fires Burning
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry and The Pirates
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Ghost Shift
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Today at the Duncans
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Victor Borge
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Our Secret Weapon
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	KATE SMITH
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cities-Service Concert
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Dinah Shore
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	The Thin Man
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Meet Your Navy
	7:30	8:30	NBC:	All Time Hit Parade
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Philip Morris Playhouse
8:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Gang Busters
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue.	Dale Carnegie
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Camel Caravan
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	John Gunther
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields
		10:30	Blue:	Alec Templeton
		10:45	Blue:	Elmer Davis

SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News of the World
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	NBC:	Dick Leibert
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
		8:45	CBS:	Bert Buhrman Orchestra
		8:45	Blue:	News
		8:45	NBC:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Press News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Red Cross Reporter
	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Garden Gate
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	NBC STRING QUARTET
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	U. S. Navy Band
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Nellie Revell
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Betty Moore
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Warren Sweeney, News
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Game Parade
		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Ration for Fashion
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Little Blue Playhouse
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	U. S. Coast Guard Band
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	Music by Black
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Golden Melodies
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Commandos
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Vincent Lopez
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Beverly Mahr, vocalist
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC:	Melodies for Strings
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Adventures in Science
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue:	Washington Luncheon
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	All Out for Victory
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Highways to Health
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	People's War
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	News
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Roy Shield and Co.
11:05	1:05	2:05	CBS:	Country Journal
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Spirit of '43
1:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Nat'l Parents and Teachers
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Of Men and Books
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	U. S. Air Force Band
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	F.O.B. Detroit
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	News
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Lyrics by Liza
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Report from Washington
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Matinee in Rhythm
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Reports from London
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Calling Pan-America
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Minstrel Melodies
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Cleveland Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Joe Rines Orchestra
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Doctors at War
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Three Suns Trio
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	News, Alex Drier
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Country Editor
2:45	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Frazier Hunt
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Dinner Music
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Gallicchio Orch.
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Message of Israel
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Religion in the News
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	Bobby Tucker's Voices
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Paul Lavalle Orch.
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Report to the Nation
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Strange Dr. Karnac
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Noah Webster Says
8:00	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Danny Thomas
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Ellery Queen
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Crummit and Sanderson
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Roy Porter, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Abie's Irish Rose
5:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
6:15	8:15	9:15	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Band
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Gunther or Vandercook
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bill Stern Sports Newsreel
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Blue Ribbon Town
7:15	9:15	10:15	NBC:	Dick Powell
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News

What's New From Coast to Coast

Continued from page 7

the part as well.

Ted may be young in years but he has had plenty of experience with the big name bands. His type of singing is just what the doctor ordered for young people. He can croon like nobody's business and when he sings a romantic ballad all the girls get sentimental.

Ted started his singing career back in his high school days. No local festival in Salem was complete unless he did some warbling before the neighbors.

Then he began to get invitations to appear in the surrounding towns. He attracted the notice of a theatrical agent who signed him up for a road company of "the Music Box Revue." Ted went on tour and had a grand time until the show closed.

Ted decided that he would like to sing with an orchestra again. Raymond Scott's orchestra was then at the height of its fame. Ted wrote Scott asking him for a job. Scott answered the letter immediately. He arranged to give Ted an audition and two weeks later Ted was hired.

Then followed engagements with Frank Dailey, Joe Venuti, Ruby Newman and other well known orchestras.

At a room, five years ago, a certain girl haunted the bandstand. She kept pleading with Ted to sing "Stardust" and "Night and Day." He's still singing them for her and the audience includes little Jerry Cole, now six months old, who may not be as well trained as his father but is considerably louder.

Ted was captured by the Yankee Network a year ago and has been a daily feature on the Yankee House Party ever since. The Yankee Network then built a show in which the Yankee Starlets are featured and Ted is the master singer in this delightful program in the early evening.

* * *

Believe it or not, almost every member of the David Harum cast, heard on NBC, is an actual farmer. Craig McDonnell, the big, genial fellow who plays David, lives in a small town on the Hudson and is a favorite local "caller" for square dances. The show's director owns a large dairy farm in Pennsylvania and gets up at 5 A.M. every morning to do chores before coming to New York. Ford Bond, the announcer, also has a farm in the country. Arthur Maitland, who plays the villianous Zeke Swinney has several cows, chickens and horses on his country place. Peggy Allenby, who you know as Susan, has a farm near Maitland's. We just thought you'd like to know that radio people are as influenced by radio as you sometimes are.

* * *

RADIO AND THE ARMED FORCES ★ ★ ★ The Six Hits and a Miss of the Burns and Allen show have just received a letter from Hawaii telling them that a U.S. bomber in action in the South Pacific has just been named for them. They wrote back saying, "Get another one and call it "Seven Hits and We've Stopped Missing." . . . Lieut. William F. McClintock was one of the bombardiers who flew in one of the planes over Tokio with Major General Doolittle's Air Force. Lt. McClintock was a former NBC page boy before enlisting in the air force! . . . Recent visitor to The Goldbergs program was Private Alfred Ryder. Until his induction, he was known to all of you as Sammy Goldberg . . . It's not very pleasant to report, particularly since we know most of them, but here is the list of Radio's Correspondents who have been killed, missing or captured: *Missing:* Frank J. Cuhel. *Captured:* Bert Silen, Ed Ward, Eric Davis, Royal Gunnison. *Killed:* Don Bell. Ed Beaudry . . . Red headed Paul Mills of the Marine Corps wrote a poem called "What Makes A Marine." He wrote it while under fire in the Solomon Islands and sent it to his dad, music publisher Irving Mills. Composer Joe Myrow set the poem to music and Kate Smith is now singing it every chance she gets. It's one of the year's finest songs . . . Young Rush Gook of Vic and Sade, or William Idelson as he is known outside the studios, is now in the Navy . . . We still haven't forgotten that swell Eddie Cantor show which featured Barney Ross, who had just returned from duty with the leathernecks on Guadalcanal. Barney was even tougher out of the ring than in, knocking off twenty-two of the enemy before being hit by shrapnel . . .

* * *

NEWS NOTES . . . Kay Kyser and Edgar Bergen, with Charlie, of course, are going to co-star in a new movie for RKO. The title now is "Keep 'em Singing." . . . Bandleader Alvino Rey and the male members of his orchestra are now all war workers in a plane factory near Los Angeles . . . Andre Kostelanetz getting that worried look again as he plans for his summer outdoor concerts . . . That tune "Hi Ya, Chum" ought to go places . . . Gertrude Berg getting "Potash and Perlmutter" ready for a radio series . . . Just as soon as "Duffy's" leaves the air for the summer, Ed Gardner will go to Hollywood to make a movie about his famous tavern . . . Because of Duke Ellington's rising popularity, especially since his recent air shots, he will probably be nabbed for a commercial show featuring his band—we hope so . . . Joan Tetzel, star of "A Woman of America," heard over NBC, is now enjoying a run in the Helen Hayes play . . . Valiant Lady just passed its fifth year on the air and is going strong . . . That's all 'till next month. Happy listening.

Fashions in Rations is the name of Billie Burke's new show heard Saturdays at 11:30, EWT, on CBS.

FROM COLLEGE TO WAR INDUSTRY —Phylis tests tensile strength of fabric for parachute bags, tents, summer uniforms for the armed forces. She is one of 6 college girls being trained in a big Textile Company, to replace young men called to the services.

Phylis Gray

Another charming Pond's engaged girl —daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Henry Gray of Great Neck, New York. Her engagement to Ensign Allen Hughes Jones of Chevy Chase, Md., now with the United States Coast Guard Reserve, was announced September 15th.

PHYLIS AND ALLEN ARE SAILING ENTHUSIASTS: Her blue-green eyes are changeable as the sea. Her soft-smooth Pond's complexion has a delicate, rose-fresh beauty.

HER RING is exquisite—a shining solitaire with 3 smaller diamonds deep set each side in the platinum band.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

"I GUESS girls all over the country are feeling extra grateful for Pond's these busy days," Phylis says. "A war job certainly doesn't leave you much time for fussy beauty care—so it means a lot to have a luscious, soft-smooth cream like Pond's to help keep your face bright and fresh, and soft-to-touch. It's the *grandest* cleansing and softening cream I know."

Here's how Phylis uses Pond's for soft-smooth cleansing!

She slips Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat and pats—gently, quickly, to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Then—tissues it off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening. Tissues off again. "It's a joy," Phylis says, "how made-over my face feels!"

Use Pond's as Phylis does—every night, for daytime clean-ups, too! You'll *love* it. And you'll soon see why war-busy society beauties like Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt are Pond's users—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream.

At beauty counters everywhere—all sizes popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

Someone to Cling To

Continued from page 35

his head, staring straight before him over the steering wheel. "It's no good, Priscilla. I thought it might be; I hoped it would be. But it's no good."

Pride would not let me question him, kept me from answering at all.

He wrapped his arms around the wheel, hunching his shoulders forward. "You see, Priscilla, when you first came to my office, your reputation had preceded you. I'd heard about you—I don't think there's a man in our section of the plant who hasn't. Things like that get around, and you were put down as being a sure thing for a good time. And then, when I saw you, you didn't seem to be that sort at all. You were not only one of the prettiest girls I'd ever seen; you had sweetness and fineness. What I'd heard and what you seemed to be just didn't fit."

"So you had to find out for yourself," I was pleased to see him flinch.

He said slowly, "No, Priscilla. It wasn't entirely that. I admit I wanted to kiss you, more than I've ever wanted to kiss anyone. I admit I lost my head for a minute. I said it was my fault, and I'm sorry."

I adjusted my hat with shaking hands. "Please take me home."

HE turned his head, and in the light from the dashboard I saw unhappiness and a kind of weariness in his eyes. "Not yet, Priscilla. First I want to say something to you. Not that I've a right to, but I want you to hear it, and remember, and maybe some day realize the truth of it. You're cheapening yourself by giving your kisses to too many men. You're wasting your youth and your good mind and your fine body. You owe it to yourself to get hold of yourself—"

Fury swept me. That he would dare, after behaving none too well himself, to preach to me! That he would dare to try to tell me how to live— But I was sick, too, with disappointment and frustration. I had felt safe with Donald, had sensed in him that haven that every woman has in the man who really loves her. And then after seeming to offer me that haven, he had not only snatched it away, but he was telling me to go on alone, to take care of myself. My anger died of its own violence, and my composure with it, and it was the sick, disappointed part of me that cried out, "How can I? A woman has to have something to live for, something to cling to—"

"A man has to have something to cling to, too," he answered, "and that's his belief in a woman's integrity."

It was the last word between us. We drove home in silence. The car had hardly stopped before our house when I let myself out and ran up the steps and in the front door.

I know now how much Donald taught me. He taught me what love was, and what hate was. He taught me what it was like to lose life and yet to go on living. And he had given me—too late—an objective picture of myself as I had been before I met him. That last scene between us burned in my memory for days, obscuring everything else. It explained a great many things I had only vaguely wondered at before—why men who were so anxious to date me the first time were quite casual when they called again—if they called again at all—why they had no compunctions about asking for a date at the last minute, why they talked so freely of their other girls, the girls they really cared about and hoped to marry someday.

I was ashamed, and my shame fed my hatred of Donald, because it was he who had shown me to myself. Hating him made it easier to stand the loss of him; hating him was all that made the next weeks bearable, that gave me strength to go to work as if nothing had happened, that carried me through our infrequent, accidental meetings at the plant without a flicker of expression, with my pride intact.

As I learned what it was like to be seventeen and healthy, with years of living ahead of me, and to know at the same time that all I wanted to live for was past, I found a way to dull the ache and to fill the emptiness of the days. I discovered that if I stayed tired, so tired that I knew only the physical desire for sleep, I did not feel. Two days after that evening with Donald, I accepted an invitation from Tim. I made myself be bright, made myself appear interested in him, and afterward, after the drinks and dancing, when we were on our way home, I forced myself to accept his kisses until the revulsion against them abated a little, until I could pretend, a little, that Donald didn't matter.

After that I went out every night—it didn't matter where, or with whom.

My mother worried about me, as did Sue Falk, who, although hardly an intimate friend, was closer to me than any of the other girls at work. "You look terrible," she said one morning. "You ought to take time out for one night's sleep, at least, Pris. When the new boss sees you, he'll have you hospitalized."

I didn't care. I didn't feel as much as the smallest sense of triumph when the new production boss arrived, and turned out to be young and quite good-looking, and, instead of declaring me unfit for work as Sue had predicted, seemed quite attracted to me. His name was Edward Lyons; he had been at the plant for less than a week when he asked me out, and I accepted.

The evening with Edward began badly. I was tired, even more so than usual, and it was a real effort to pretend that I was enjoying myself at the shabby roadhouse where we went for drinks, chosen only because it was close to the plant and to my home.

We didn't find much to say to each other. I was so tired—not just tired in my body, but tired in my heart, too. I was sick of shabby, shoddy little taverns like this one, of noise and smoke and cheapness. It *was* cheap—all of it. It was—it was as cheap as I was.

I'D lost track of the passage of time in my infinite weariness, when all of a sudden Edward seemed to come really alive. We were dancing to the tinny, three-piece orchestra, when I felt him stiffen, saw his head lift sharply as he stared toward the bar near the door. Automatically, my gaze followed his, and I had a glimpse of a woman, hatless and with a paper-white face, whose eyes in their deeply cut, tragic-looking sockets met Edward's in the moment before she turned and disappeared out the door.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"Eh?" He struggled to pull his shell around him again. "No one—that is, I wouldn't know her. Come on, let's get a drink."

We went back to our booth, signalled to the waitress. Before she could bring us our drinks, however, there was a commotion at the bar. A second later the orchestra stopped suddenly, and the leader spoke into the microphone. "If there's a doctor in the house, will he please go to the bar. There's been an accident down the road—"

"An accident!" Edward half rose, as the excited waitress came hurrying back with our order. "An accident—who—"

"I don't know, sir. Are you a doctor?"

I heard my own voice interrupting, speaking a name I hadn't mentioned even to myself. "If there's no doctor here, call Donald Brennon at Marley Munitions. It's close by—"

"Brennon, Marley Munitions," the girl repeated, and turned away, flinging over her shoulder an impatient response to Edward's demand for more information. "We don't know the woman, sir. She tried to drive a green coupe through a fence at the turn of the highway."

Edward was on his feet, his face gray. "A green coupe—I knew—Priscilla, will you call Dr. Brennon, or make sure that they get someone?"

I nodded, and as I rose, he ran, pushing past the crowd like a crazy man, flinging himself out the door.

At the bar I found that they were already calling Donald, and that he would come. Assured of that, I ran outside and down the highway to the accident—the wrecked car, the headlights of other cars, the gathering crowd of people. I pushed past them roughly, sensing something of what lay behind the accident, guessing my part in it. I shall never forget the scene—the circle of people held back by the highway policeman, the woman on the ground, her eyes closed in their deep sockets, showing no sign of hurt but the trickle of blood which ran from the corner of her mouth.

Edward knelt beside her, moaning,

One-Minute Prayer

Almighty God, it comforts us to know that Thou art concerned with all that concerns us and that, in Thy hands, not ours alone, are the issues of history. We bring before Thee all who have been the victims of war's devastations — for those who have lost loved ones, for the soldiers of all nations, for the homeless of all lands. Help us, O God, to do our part in bringing peace and justice that brotherhood and happiness may cover the earth. Amen.

Submitted by:
The Rev. Dr. A. Carl Adkins, Minister of the Dauphin Methodist Church in Mobile, Alabama

Broadcast over Mutual

Many expensive luxuries are gone, but the good, basic things remain — richer and more valuable still. The moments we enjoy with intimate friends, the quiet, unhurried hours spent in places we love, these are solid treasures to store in our memory. For millions of Americans their richness is enhanced by another of life's finer things, a glass of friendly SCHLITZ... truly the beverage of moderation... brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Just the KISS of the hops..

Schlitz

—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

For Contented Calves!

AFTER APPLYING LIQUID STOCKINGS, I USE *KLEENEX* TISSUES* TO GIVE MY LEGS A SMOOTH, EVEN TONE!

(from a letter by J. W., Olympia, Wash.)

P.S. BARE FEET IN SHOES NEED SOFT, ABSORBENT *KLEENEX* AS AN INNER SOLE FOR COMFORT!

(from a letter by R. S. P., San Jose, Calif.)

WIN $25
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WAR SAVINGS BOND
FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH
WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.
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For Butter or Wurst!

PICNICS AND WIENER-ROASTS NEED A SUPPLY OF *KLEENEX* TO WIPE GREASY CHINS AND FINGERS. SAVES CLOTHES AND HANKIES!

(from a letter by G. J. E., Great Falls, Mont.)

Oh Say Can You See?

ON A SUB IT'S VITAL TO SPOT THE ENEMY FIRST! OUR LOOKOUT SAYS YOU CAN'T BEAT *KLEENEX* TO KEEP BINOCULARS CLEAN AND DRY!

(from a letter by M. B. F., U. S. Navy)

OH BOY! Remember Delsey? —soft like Kleenex

Hope there'll be more DELSEY* Toilet Paper after the war

(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

"Martha, Martha, open your eyes. Martha, it's Edward—your husband. Martha— Oh, my God! Martha, why did you do it—"

"Edward!" I called sharply, trying to penetrate his grief, "Dr. Brennon's coming. We'll have help soon."

THEN Donald appeared, and a few seconds later the ambulance arrived with a wail of sirens. Donald, kneeling beside the woman, gave brief orders to the stretcher-bearers, and then looked at Edward, and at me. "You were with him?" It was a question, but I heard it as an accusation.

"Yes."

"Come along, we might need you."

I rode to the hospital in the ambulance with them, while one of the orderlies followed us in Donald's car. Edward had stopped groaning—he seemed dazed.

"Came looking for me in the joint," he mumbled. "Didn't like me to step out on her, but I kept on doing it. Always seemed fun before, thought it would keep on being fun. I didn't know she'd—" he stopped, and pain twisted his face. "Maybe she went through that fence on purpose," he whispered. "Oh, God, she tried to kill herself—on account of me!"

I felt Donald looking at me, and I did not try to meet his eyes, as I did not try to hide my shame and my remorse. I could not summon my old anger against him. Indeed, I had no wish to; letting him see how ashamed, how bitterly sorry I was was almost as relieving as a confession.

At the hospital it took all of Donald's persuasion and mine to prevent Edward from following his wife and Donald into the receiving ward. After what seemed hours Donald came out again, drew Edward aside for a short conversation, and then disappeared with one brief word for me—"Wait."

"What—what is happening?" I asked Edward through stiff lips.

He barely glanced at me. "He's operating on her." Edward was changed again. He no longer seemed half-crazy from shock, but clear-headed and tense, and I knew that he did not want to see me nor to be reminded of my presence.

But Donald had told me to wait. I huddled as unobtrusively as I could in the corner of the leather sofa, and I prayed—for Martha Lyons' life, for forgiveness for myself, for mercy for Edward, for sureness for Donald's hands. My prayers were not only an appeal. They clarified things for me, and I saw the four of us—Donald and Edward and his wife and I—and our relationship to each other in what had just happened. I thought of Martha Lyons, of the husband who loved her and still made her unhappy. I thought of what had driven her to try to smash herself by smashing her car. Martha Lyons had needed something to lean upon, and because she had not had it, she had nothing to see her through when things went wrong.

It was a long time before Donald came back. My body was stiff and cramped and cold when I heard him come in and cross the room to where Edward stood. "You can go in now."

Edward left the room, and Donald came over to me, his face tired and as white as the surgeon's apron he wore.

"Will—will she be all right?" I whispered.

He did not answer, but stood looking down at me, and this time I could meet his eyes. "Wait until I change, Priscilla, and I'll take you home."

Later, when he came back dressed and led me out to the car, I asked again, "Will she be all right?" Again he did not answer. After one glance at his stern profile, his taut mouth, I did not repeat the question.

As he stopped the car before our house, I hesitated a moment, then opened the door to let myself out.

"Wait, Priscilla." He turned his face to me, a strange look in his dark eyes. "You asked if Mrs. Lyons would be all right. She will—in time, and with care. Her husband is with her now, and I don't think he'll leave her again—ever. She'll be all right—but will you?"

RELIEF flooded over me, breaking the tension my nerves had held against uncertainty, breaking my self-control. I put my head in my hands and cried as I hadn't cried since I was a little girl, letting the tears wash out all of the bitterness of the past weeks, all of the strain of that night. I couldn't stop crying—not even when Donald's arms closed around me, when he rested his cheek tenderly, protectingly, on the top of my head.

"Priscilla—" his voice was hoarse, as if he had been crying silently with me. "Priscilla, would it help to know that I realize I'm to blame, too?"

My tears stopped; I jerked away from him to look at him. "You, Donald!"

"I." He opened his arms to me. "I need you, Priscilla. Will you come?"

Then I was close against him, and he held me tightly, stroking my hair, rocking me ever so gently. At length he said, "I need you, dearest, and I need your forgiveness for being blind and stupid and selfish—"

I pressed my face against his coat, and he went on, "You see, that night I took you out, and we parked, I couldn't think of anything but my own disappointment in you. I was hurt and I felt cheated, and I took it out on you. I didn't stop to realize that you were completely right in what you said—that a man who didn't know the real thing was a fool. I didn't realize that all I'd heard about you added up only to mean that you were very young and too full of life and without a definite direction. I couldn't believe, either, that you really cared about me. It was after I saw the change in you, after—" he stopped and then continued determinedly—"after I'd been so rotten to you, that I knew you'd been sincere and that I'd spoiled something which might have been good and fine."

"Donald, don't!" I pressed the back of my hand against my mouth to forestall further tears. "Please don't! Don't you think I've learned, finally—"

He caught me to him, quickly, contritely. "Pris, dearest, I'm sorry. I should talk, when I'm as much to blame and more. Can you forgive me, Priscilla?"

"If you can forgive me—"

He didn't let me finish. "No more of that. Pris, do you still need someone to cling to?"

It was my turn to draw away, to look gravely at him. "No, I don't, not any more. You must believe that, Donald. I'm a person now. But—it would help." He understood. I would tell him some day, but I knew that I did not have to tell him then, exactly what had happened to me while I waited in the hospital operating room. He felt it.

This time I could not hold him away, and I didn't want to. Our lips met in a completeness of understanding that had no need of words.

Let Me Have Romance

Continued from page 15

teaching your school?" And the whole perfect fabric of my shining adventure would be ripped right across.

For a moment he did not speak, just stood there with the wind ruffling his brown hair, his firm mouth moving a little at the corners in a wondering smile.

Stefan looked from me to Bill and said, "Is it that you have already the acquaintance of Mr. Jamieson, Lisa?"

"We've met," Bill said. That was all. His eyes did not leave my face, he still smiled that strange, studying smile.

"We're old friends," I could say, now that I had my breath.

"Then I may leave you the time to pass with Mr. Jamieson," Stefan said and bowed over my hand, his lips just barely touching it in that graceful way of his, and walked quickly down the path.

"He surely can leave you the time to pass with Mr. Jah-*mee*-son," Bill said. "He gave out with the facts when he said it is that you have already the acquaintance of Mr. Jah-*mee*-son."

BILL, you idiot," I protested, laughing. Relief made me feel warm toward him. Four years seemed to roll away from between us and leave us together on the steps of the library at State College.

"That sounds like home," Bill said and he put his hands on my shoulders. "Thanks for being here to meet me."

It bothered me to feel his hands on my shoulders, out here where everyone could see us. I felt confused. "Of course I didn't come to meet you," I told him stiffly. "I didn't know you were coming."

I could have added that I didn't know anything about him, because he hadn't bothered to tell me for a long time. But if I had said it, I would have said it bitterly. And I didn't want to be bitter now. I had left bitterness behind in Big Boulder. I was here to find happiness and I had made my start at finding it. I wouldn't let anything interfere with that. So I smiled brightly at Bill Jamieson and moved from under his hands.

He said, "Let's pretend you knew and came to meet me." And he smiled the coaxing smile I knew so well.

I shook my head. "No, Bill. I don't think I'm very good at pretending, any more."

He said, "Okay. But will you pass the time with me like the monkey said?"

I felt quick hot irritation. "Please don't call Mr. Denenyi that," I said. "He's very nice, and I like him a lot."

Bill's grin disappeared, leaving him looking different, sort of tired and not very young. For the first time I saw how the almost chubby solidness of his face had changed to the hard flat planes of maturity, and in the sunshine I could see what looked like short silver wires mingled with his hair. He said, "Okay again. Bet—I mean Lisa. By the way, I like the name. It suits you."

He was sweet. He had always been like that, understanding and sympathetic, even with a small girl's aversion to the name of Bess and all its variations.

I said, "Bill, I'm popping with questions to ask you. I'd love to pass that time asking them."

He said, hesitantly, "Would you walk

What's all this about hands?

Seems to me there's been a lot of fuss recently about women's hands. I read about this woman's red hands. Or that woman's rough hands. Or some other woman's ugly hands.

And more often than not the cause of all the trouble turns out to be . . . *soap!*

Somehow, that doesn't make sense. I do all my own housework and my own laundry. And I know *I've* never had any of these hand problems . . . I think American women can have the best soap in the world.

Maybe I'm just lucky.

And sensible. I *always* use Fels-Naptha Soap.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Babies cannot be kept under glass to avoid contact with harmful germs in the air. But you *can* help protect your baby's skin with *antiseptic* baby powder. Test above of leading baby powders reveals antiseptic superiority of *Mennen*. Width of black ring around center of round plates shows antiseptic effectiveness (Mennen extreme right).

NEW BABY POWDER IS VITAL HEALTH AID

SCIENCE has developed an improved baby powder that is a valuable health aid, not a mere "cosmetic." It is new Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Powder. Being *antiseptic*, it helps keep your baby's skin free of many rashes in which germs play a part ...diaper rash, prickly heat, scalded buttocks, impetigo. Being *smoother* than other powders, because made by new "hammerizing" process, Mennen Baby Powder protects the skin better against painful chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby *lovelier*. Best for baby, also best for you. *Pharmaceutical Div., The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco, Toronto.*

with me? I mean, I'm here on doctors' orders, to take the baths in the morning and spend the afternoon trying to walk the stiffness out of my leg."

"Of course I will," I told him. "I'm ready for anything up to mountain climbing."

He looked from my new jacket dress down to my spectator pumps and said appreciatively, "You're looking smart, Lisa. You always knew how to wear the right thing."

How funny. My costumes did not seem like a masquerade to him. They were what he expected me to wear. I could feel natural, with him. But did I want to feel natural? Didn't you have to take risks, tread dangerous ground, for anything worth while?

"You won't be climbing mountains with me for a while," he went on. "I'll have to work up to that."

WE walked slowly that first afternoon looking into the windows of the souvenir stores that lined the main street opposite the stone buildings of Bath-house Row, listening to auctioneers selling hand-embroidered linen and imitation Oriental rugs, and even watching a horse race that was reproduced in electric lights on a board for people to bet on. Walking up the hill back to the hotel he told me how he had picked up the shrapnel fragments while he was attached to the British troops in Libya as a correspondent. They had invalided him home and now he was getting into shape to be sent on a mission for the American Army. What sort of mission I could only try to guess.

There was no use wondering, and besides, time was slipping away. I wanted to get back to the hotel and dance with Stefan.

Dancing, with him, became something lifted beyond what I had ever known dancing to be. Every movement he made was so full of art, of grace, that somehow the rhythm was communicated to me, and without conscious effort I took my part in its perfection. We never talked when we danced, and I talked little when we sat at our table or walked in the garden together. Instead I drew him out, made him tell me of Europe, of the cafes in Budapest where gypsy fiddlers could play with a magic that really changed the hearts of the people who listened. All this he told me in his soft deep voice, his strange foreign intonation, his precisely constructed sentences with their amusing mispronunciation, and I hardly cared what it was he said because the sound of his voice was music so new and so intoxicating that I was enchanted.

But he was busy for long hours with his duties. I could not bear to watch him, to see his charming manners with the rich, overdressed women, to hear his soft voice when he talked to Maris Garveau.

I felt better, getting away with Bill, away from the hotel, on our walks over the countryside. It was a relief to be free from the strain of acting my role. And even in the hotel, dining with Bill, I no longer felt like an outsider. Bill's newspaper experience had given him entre anywhere; he could talk to anyone with assurance, and plenty of people wanted to listen.

Maris Garveau was always in the group that listened. One night she said to Bill, loudly, with her green eyes glancing from him to Stefan, "I've been trying so hard to get Lisa to give us an exhibition of Kentucky horsemanship, but she is the first Kentuckian I ever met who seems to have lost her taste for riding."

I saw Bill look at me, with those clear blue eyes of his, and I wondered if he was disgusted with me. I could hear him laugh and ask, "Lisa, when were you ever in Kentucky?"

HE turned to Maris and I held my breath. "Well, maybe you never knew a girl so kindhearted," he told her in his easy drawl. "Maybe you never met a girl who'd give up all her free time helping a fellow loosen up a crippled leg."

I let my breath out slowly. I knew how he hated to talk about his injury, and I felt a deep sense of gratitude. When we were walking up Blue Hill the next afternoon I thanked him.

He said gruffly, "It's true, isn't it? I'd never have pushed this far by myself. You've been a darned good scout to bother with a guy who's only half a man."

"Why, Bill, it's been fun," I told him.

"Has it?" He stopped on the path and looked at me.

"Of course it has. And you're practically well. I bet you'll be climbing Old Baldy before we're through."

He laughed harshly. "Not a chance. It would take a full day just to get to the top at my speed." His voice sounded heavy and tired. I had never heard it that way before. For the first time I realized what he must have gone through, what it must have done to his pride to lose his physical perfection.

"I'm sure we could do it," I told

Bess McCammon, heard on CBS' Romance of Helen Trent, is one of radio's gold star mothers. There's two on her flag—Bill, her older son is in Officers Training School while Tom is in an aeronautical school

him eagerly. "We could take the whole day for the climb, have a picnic lunch, and come home some other way."

He stared into my face and then his smile flashed. "That's a bargain. Wait till I get hold of the doc!"

But legs don't get well that fast. I was afraid his plan wouldn't work out after all. Friday night came and there was only Saturday and Sunday left. Important days, for me. Saturday night was to be the most momentous one of my life, I thought.

For on Friday, as Stefan and I had stood in our corner of the veranda behind the big pillar looking at the moon, we were interrupted in a most important conversation.

The music and the rhythm of our dancing were still singing through my nerves. He said in his soft voice, "I wish that I might never dance with anyone but you. You are the loveliest person that I have ever held in my arms."

"The loveliest?" I asked him, a little breathless beneath my light tone. I had so little time to bring things out into words.

HE kissed me then, lightly, beautifully, and went on—"You were meant to dance and laugh the days through, and the nights—"

I thought of the days of long-division problems ahead of me and I guess I shivered. He said, "What is it? What is it, my little Lisa?"

"It's just that I am going so soon," I told him. "I'm leaving, Sunday."

"No!" His tone was genuinely shocked. "Oh, no, that cannot be!"

It was then that the doors opened, light flooded the pillar behind which we stood, we heard Maris Garveau's high shrill call. He had only time to whisper, "It shall not happen, my dear, that separation. We must talk of how to solve this problem. Tomorrow night, at the *Bal Equinocte*—"

I slipped away to my room. I was unwilling to face anyone's eyes. I was too excited, too full of anticipation, too—well, yes, too happy, that was it. I took a lot of time before I went to bed, to plan the day tomorrow, all the beauty treatments I would get, the preparations I would make. I took the lovely white and gold evening dress out of my closet, the one I had bought for just such an occasion as this: the biggest occasion of all, the climactic night of my adventure, the night to change my whole life.

I was wakened in the morning by the phone. It was Bill. "The doc says today's the day, honey," he said eagerly. "We climb old Baldy."

"That's fine, Bill," I cried out in genuine gladness. "Why, Bill, that's swell!"

"I've ordered the lunch. Can you be ready in half an hour?"

"Of course!"

It wasn't till I had hung up that I remembered. This was the day for the beauty shop, the preparations. I picked up the phone to call him back. But I asked for Room Service instead and ordered coffee.

Bill was waiting at the foot of the last flight, his eyes alight as he watched me come down the stairs.

"When will we be back, Bill?" I asked him.

His grin left his face. "Around six," he told me. "We're going to catch the bus from Arlingtonia at the pass about half-past five." Then he asked quietly, "Why?"

"Nothing important," I told him. "I just wondered if I'd have time for a

ON LEAVE

a Satin-Smooth Face is sweeter to Kiss

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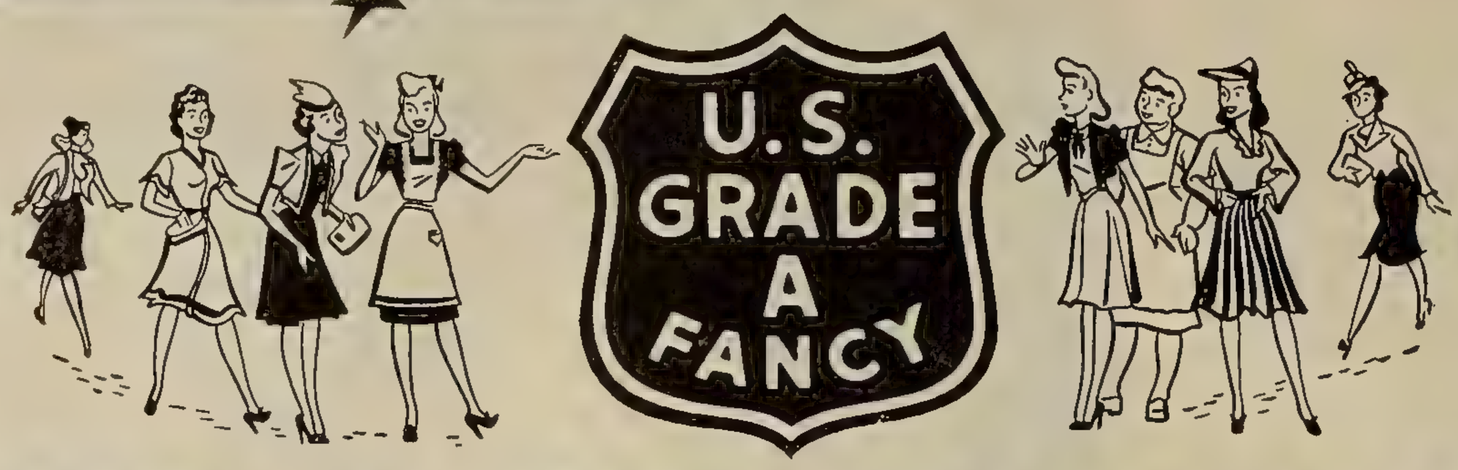

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wave before the dance."

He said, "I guess not." His tone was very strange, very grave. "Is it worth staying home for?"

I said, "Of course not."

He was suddenly gay again. "You look better to me the way you are than any hairdresser could ever make you look."

MOUNTAIN climbing was different from what I expected. More exciting, more fun. We took ten-minute rests every time we reached a new elevation, and looked at the view. We made bets on how many layers of blue distance we would see from the peak where we would have our lunch. I have never felt anything so good as the sun on my back as I lay and looked down at the whole world spread out below me that afternoon. We had reached the top and could really relax and enjoy it with that ineffable sense of completion and accomplishment that the end of a hard climb can give you.

"I'd like to build a house right here," I told Bill.

"I was thinking the same thing," Bill said. And the way he looked at me made me turn my eyes back to the landscape.

I said quickly, "But this must not seem much, after all the mountains you've seen. You've been so many places. . . ."

"You sound wistful," he said. "But let me tell you, honey, that it's not much fun, no matter how many places you see, if you see them alone."

His voice was so sad that I looked at him in surprise. He was staring off at the horizon, his mouth curiously bleak.

"Why did you go alone, then?" I asked in a small voice.

"It's hard to say," he answered. "At first, of course, a man has to try his legs to see if they'll carry him, and then—"

"And then, of course—" Bitterness came into my voice this time, in spite of myself— "And then, of course, he travels fastest who travels alone—"

"That's what I figured," he said, still staring at the distant mountain range. "And it's true, too. But what they don't tell you is that maybe you don't want to travel so fast. Maybe there's no special point to it. Maybe the only way you can get any fun out of the trip is to go slow and share the sights."

I felt the blood pulsing hot in my throat. And before I knew what I was saying, I had blurted out, "At least the sights were more interesting than the blackboards of the McKinley Grammar School."

I had never dreamed that I would say such a thing. I was shocked as I heard the words echoing between us. I had told him what I never wanted him to know. I had stripped myself of the one thing I had left—my pride.

He said, "Elizabeth—Lisa, listen. You don't know how sorry—"

But I had sprung up and was giving him a smile that I hoped was bright and cool. "Why should you be sorry? Plenty of people have been bored with teaching before this—" I looked at my watch as I said, "That's all water under the bridge. And the bridge is a long way back."

"Too long?" He was close behind me. "Elizabeth, could we—"

I could not let him tell me that he was sorry for me! I said, though I had not yet seen the figures on my watch dial, "Oh, it's late. We must get started!"

Then I heard his exclamation. "Late! We'll never make that bus." And his voice changed. He asked me, "Do you care, Lisa? I mean, is the dance so important?"

"Of course it is," I told him wildly. "I've got to get back." And that was the way I felt. I had to get away from the softness in Bill's eyes, the pity.

Bill said, "Then here's what you do. You go ahead. Alone you can make it. With me you can't."

But I couldn't. I felt sick, but I knew that I couldn't leave him. The path down the mountainside was sheer, and the rock of a crumbly shale type that gives way treacherously under your feet. The chill early mountain darkness was coming down already and I could not possibly leave him to make that trip alone.

WHEN he was convinced, he did not argue. We did not talk at all. The last part of the time he had to brace himself with one hand on his cane and the other on my shoulder. By the time we reached the little cabin shelter at the roadside we were both exhausted. Probably it was because we were both so groggy that our control deserted us.

I had made him lie down on the narrow bench that was built against one wall, and I covered his leg with my sweater. Then I built a fire opposite the open side.

He said, "That makes it pretty cozy. Are you sure you're sorry I fixed it so you missed the dance?"

I whirled on him. "You fixed it? Are you saying you planned this, that it was just a trick?"

I have often wondered what would have happened if he had said, "Yes, I planned it. I didn't want you to go and dance with Stefan Denenyi." Maybe underneath my hot anger I wanted

it to be true.

But of course it wasn't. I should have known him better. He said in a tone of utter cold fury. "Don't worry. I don't go in for tricks. And I wouldn't interfere with yours, no matter how cheap and despicable they are."

I flared back wildly. "Are you calling me cheap and despicable?"

"No," he said. "But you are posing as someone who is."

"Cheap?" I cried out at him. "Is it cheap to want a little more out of life than I could get, stuck in Great Boulder?"

"No," he said quietly. "I know what a town like that can do to you, how it can force you into a rut and keep you there—"

"*You* couldn't stand it!" I cried. "You had to get away to prove yourself!"

"To prove myself, yes," he said. "But what self are you trying to prove? Not *your*self. You're playing the part of someone very different from yourself, to get the attention of a man who wouldn't even want to see you as you really are."

"Stop!" Maybe his words came too near my own fears. "You've no right to talk this way! I love Stefan and he loves me. He loves me for myself. You'll see!"

Bill lay rigid on his bench, so quiet that I wondered if he had gone to sleep. I sat hunched up close to the fire, stiff with cold.

I don't think we spoke a single word until at last a car came over the pass and picked us up. It must have been nearly four by then. When we got back the hotel was quiet. The dance was over.

But in the dawn light I saw a figure standing beside the great white pillar where Stefan and I had always stood. Stefan had waited for me.

To me, in my state of emotional exhaustion and ruined pride, the fact stood out as a wonderful refuge, a proof of something that I was too tired and confused to analyze. I ran to him and he took me in his arms. Behind us Bill was thanking the farmer who had brought us. But I didn't care. I wanted him to see us!

"My dearest," Stefan was murmuring tenderly. "My dearest, I have been full of fear."

"We were all right," I babbled out an explanation. "But I was so terribly sorry to miss the dance. I wanted—" I looked up at him, my voice failing. "I wanted to hear what you were going to tell me," I whispered.

The farmer's car chugged away while I waited for Stefan's answer. Somewhere back there Bill must be standing. And Stefan said, quite simply, in his beautiful voice, "I have waited to tell you. I have held my courage to ask for the honor of making you my wife."

Strange how much I felt like crying. Strange how slowly my words came, the words I had dreamed of saying. But when I went into the hotel I had promised to marry Stefan Denenyi.

ALL I felt then was utter weariness. I wondered where I would find strength to take off my clothes and climb into bed. But there was another ordeal ahead of me.

I opened my door and saw Maris Garveau.

She laid down a book she was reading before she rose to meet me. She said, "You have made me wait a long time."

I asked sharply, "How did you get in here?"

She waved a languid hand. "Let's not bother with details, if you don't mind. I'd like to get my piece spoken and go to bed."

"What can you possibly have to say to me?" I asked, trying to keep my voice steady. I was trembling all over with queer apprehension.

"Not much," she answered. Her diamonds flashed as she lit a cigarette. "I merely wanted to tell you why Stefan Denenyi is planning to marry you. In case you have any delusions."

First Bill—and then Maris Garveau. I drew a long breath and I don't know how I managed my voice. "I do not want to know anything you can tell me," I told her.

YOU shall, though," she said, and her tone was not so flippantly casual any more. Anger narrowed her eyes and flushed her skin so that it lost its pale gardenia distinction. "Do you think," she asked me shrilly, "that Stefan would bother with you a minute if marriage was not the one thing I could not give him? But," she added, "an American marriage is the one thing he must have within a month if he is to stay in this country."

I stared at her for a full minute, too shocked to speak. Then slowly my breath came back, and my reason. Of course she was lying. She had hated me since I had come to the Springs, and for one reason: jealousy.

I said, "If that is all, we can say good-night."

She left, and the look she gave me was an odd one, almost admiring. For once I had kept my dignity when she

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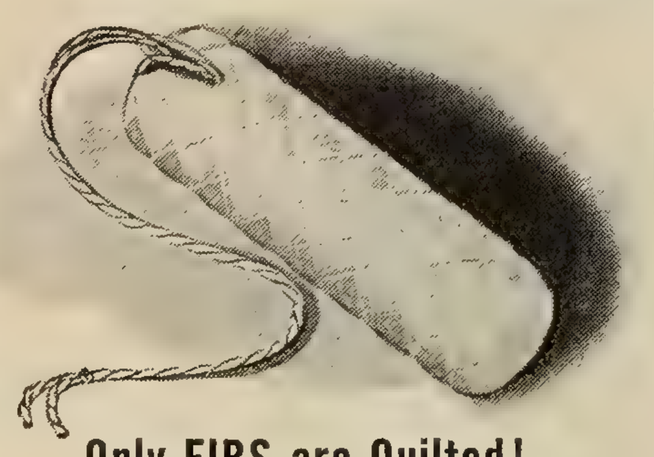

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had clearly lost hers. But now I didn't care. I guess I was learning a sense of values.

When she had gone, I started my packing. When I had called the bellboy to take my bags, I sat down at my desk and wrote a note. "Dear Stefan: I have thought things over, and decided you should not take such a step in haste. There are things to be made clear between us. If you want to see me, you will find me at home." I gave him my real address. And I caught the early morning train.

I do not like to remember the next few days. I went back to school and faced a new class of rosy clean children who were eager to begin. My heart ached to look at them. Why I loved them! Why had I ever left them?

THE days went by without my hearing from Stefan. Or from Bill. But naturally I would not hear from Bill. Why should I?

Then Stefan came.

Seeing him come in the door of my school room that Friday afternoon gave me no sense of triumph. It gave me no sense of anything at all. I stood there watching, with a sponge in my hand, water dripping from my elbow, as I washed my blackboard.

I said, "Hello, Stefan. Want to help? There's another sponge over there."

"Lisa, please," he said as if actually in pain. "It has been a shock sufficient without your joke."

"Joke?" I raised my eyebrows. "This is my job. It is no joke."

His shoulders moved in an actual shudder. "No, in that you are right. It is not a joke, though I am yet incapable of comprehending the entire truth—" He broke off, helplessly.

All the week I had been afraid he would not come. And when I had thought that he might, this was what I had dreaded: his disillusion. But now I saw the facts on his face, and I felt a calm that was almost relief.

"It's perfectly simple, Stefan," I told him gently. "I'm not the sort of person you thought I was. I deceived you. But now you know the truth. I'm just a provincial school teacher."

He frowned, for a moment. Then he shrugged and held out his hand. "Come away," he said. "Let us talk in some less depressing atmosphere."

"All right," I told him. "I'm through here, anyway. You can walk home with me."

I thought that he would finish what he had to say to me, and be gone, long before we got there, but he only said, when we got outside, "We will not talk of this on the streets, of course." And so we walked the three short blocks to my boardinghouse in silence.

When we entered the shadowed coolness of the living room, I turned to face him. "Let's finish what we have to say to each other—get it over with, Stefan."

"Finish?" He grasped my hand and held it tightly. "Lisa, do not use that word." He looked really alarmed.

"But Stefan," I protested, "you needn't be chivalrous. I understand how you feel. You are free to go."

"But I do not wish to go," he said, and put his arms around me.

He still wanted to marry me! I waited for the flush of elation, of triumph, which should have come over me. But I felt only still and cold.

Stefan's hands on my shoulders made me lose my calm. I felt trapped and panicky. "Stefan, don't you see I can't?" I faltered. "Don't you understand that I couldn't be just a legal convenience for anyone? You see, Stefan, I know."

I had expected him to deny it. I was not even sure that what Maris had said was true.

I was wrong on all counts. He did not deny it, but it did not make things easy. He said, "Then we are—what you call—'square.' You deceive me, I deceive you. It is all clear, as you said it should be. We can make a sensible marriage."

"I'm sorry, Stefan," I almost gasped, struggling to free myself from his arms. "I've told you I can't. My job and my home may seem unattractive to you, but right now they are all I want."

BUT they might be most difficult to keep," Stefan said smoothly, "under certain circumstances."

"What are you saying?" At last I twisted out of his arms.

"I have the understanding," Stefan said, "that in your cities the teacher of children must be above reproach."

I stared at him, uncomprehending. "But I am. I mean, I have done nothing wrong."

He shrugged. "I believe that, too. I should hate that they should hear tales of certain happenings at the Spring."

I looked at him, unbelieving. He was threatening me. And I realized that a malicious tongue could tell stories that could sound very ugly. There was the night, for instance, that I had spent in the mountain shelter when we missed the bus. "Stefan," I said, almost in a wail, "you wouldn't—"

"No." He took me in his arms again and I was too numb to struggle. "No, I would not, because I shall be married to a sensible woman, who is also a sweet and charming—"

I pushed away, crying out, "No! Tell them anything you want! If they believe it, I'll go away. I don't care how far I have to go, but I'll never do

Say Hello To-

WALTER CASSEL, who is featured on the Keep Working—Keep Singing America program heard Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:30 P.M., EWT, over CBS. In 1933, in a town named Council Bluffs, Iowa, this handsome, blond baritone kissed his wife good-by and hopped aboard the caboose of a cattle train headed for New York, with the praise and encouraging words of the noted Lawrence Tibbett still ringing in his ears. Once in the big city, Walter obtained a radio audition and within a few weeks his excellent voice was featured on a sustaining show, and shortly after he was singing on the Hammerstein Music Hall of the Air and others. He sent for his family and settled down in a quiet suburban Long Island home.

another false thing in my life. I'll be true to *myself,* anyway!"

I stopped, breathless and amazed at my own eloquence.

And Stefan laughed.

But not for long. As he stood there, with that smile on his face that made me hate him for the first time, I heard someone say, "That isn't very funny, Denenyi."

It was Bill. And Stefan stopped laughing.

Bill went on in his easy voice, "Denenyi, you want to stay in this country, I gather. Well, one reason you like it here is because we have freedom. And that means a girl can marry the man she wants to marry.

"I need no lecture on American Government," Stefan said.

"Still, I thought you ought to know," Bill said. "There's a law, for instance, that carries rather severe penalties. You might almost say painful penalties. It's an unwritten law that says, 'No man steals another man's girl.'"

Bill's face wasn't smiling, his voice wasn't an easy drawl any more. He was standing over Stefan and his hands were clenched. They were big and wicked looking fists, I realized. Stefan apparently thought something of the same sort. He preserved his dignity, though. He even said good-by to me with perfect courtesy, and he kept his grace as he walked from the room.

I'D been brave enough a moment before, but now that the danger was past my knees gave 'way beneath me. I sank into a chair, and the tears which had been smarting in my eyes overflowed. For a moment I felt alone and frightened, and then Bill's arms were around me, his cheek against the top of my head.

We sat there in silence for a little, and then I wiped my eyes determinedly, and tried to substitute a shaky laugh for the tears.

"It was clever of you to tell him I was your girl," I said, "but you shouldn't have done it."

Bill's hand tilted my head up, so that my eyes met his.

And then he kissed me. "Aren't you my girl?" he asked, and kissed me again. But he gave me no time to answer, and I could not think of words, anyway, with his hungry, searching mouth against mine. When at last he let me go, it was only long enough for me to say, "Yes—oh, yes, Bill. I'm your girl."

He has gone now, on his mission. I don't know when I'll see him again. We didn't have a honeymoon, really. We had only a few afternoons and evenings and nights, outside my teaching hours, until his call came.

But I can face the rows of smiling, scrubbed faces in my schoolroom now, for as long as I have to wait.

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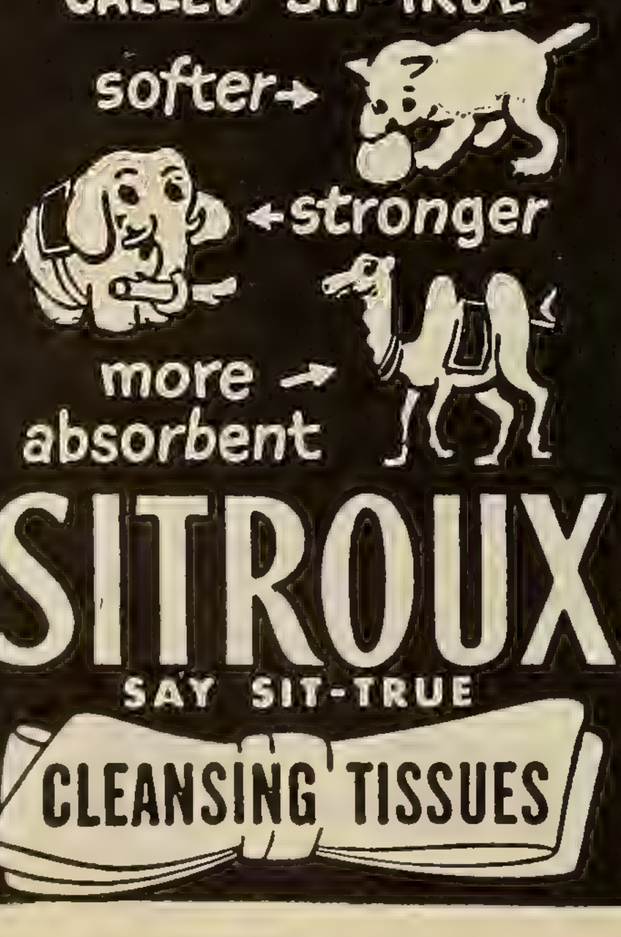

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CLEANSING TISSUES

When Two Are Single Hearted

Continued from page 4

shell-shocked or crippled he didn't want her to feel bound to him. He wanted her to come to him with a heart as eager as his own.

HER letters delighted him. One came written on odd scraps of paper, the back of a sales slip, a page torn from the "Z" section of a small address book, the white space bordering a monthly church calendar, the envelope in which his last letter had gone to her; whatever scraps she had been able to salvage from her bag. She was, she wrote, downtown making train reservations for Battle Creek, Michigan. "I'm going to take a course in dietetics," she explained. "Lee's wonderful Jeanetta is going too. I must keep busy. The Red Cross work I've been doing isn't enough any longer."

They didn't send him overseas. They held him, much against his will, in Georgia. He wrote her of his disappointment. He would, he promised, do his utmost to train the boys bound overseas so they would do a good job and quickly. He told her he had been promoted and hoped she would be proud of the two bright bars he even then was wearing on his shoulders.

She answered enthusiastically on a brown paper bag she found on a park bench. Her next letter, however, scribbled on the back of blank checks was brokenhearted. "I can't bear it," she wrote, "that you're not able to come to Battle Creek with Lee, be his best man when he marries Jeanetta."

When Lee and Jeanetta returned to Georgia they were, of course, full of stories about Louise, of how well she looked, of how much she missed him —*really*, and of how tirelessly she was working so she wouldn't be too lonely.

Then the wonderful, wonderful letter came. It was waiting for him one summer evening when he came in from the rifle range. "I'm accepting Jeanetta's invitation to visit her and Lee and see their apartment—AND YOU!" Louise wrote.

Promptly Parks took Lee aside. "I'll thank you and Jeanetta to leave Louise and me alone just as quickly as possible," he said. "I've got something to say to Louise that just can't wait any longer!"

Lee and Jeanetta, knowing how little Parks had to worry about and how much he worried, saw to it that he and Louise were alone under a soft gold moon fifteen minutes after they reached home. He had planned all he wanted to say with elaborate care. Marching out to the rifle range, drilling, doing his paper work, falling to sleep at night he had strung fine words together and rearranged them over and over, like a jeweler matching priceless pearls. But when he stood alone with Louise he forgot all this, and grabbed her, and fairly shouted "Louise, do you love me enough to marry me, Honey?"

"It's about time!" she told him.

"Why," he protested, "I've told you a hundred times and in a thousand ways how much I love you. . . ."

"That you loved me, yes," she said laughing. "But never has one word of marriage escaped your lips. I should know! I've been waiting a long time to hear it!"

He would not, however, marry her until peace came. He would not chance coming home broken and permitting her to be bound to him. So it was following the Armistice that they were married in the Methodist Church at San Marcas. It was crowded to its white doors, with family and friends and all the Mexicans and negroes who worked for the Johnson family.

The cellars of the big house yielded wine stored years for this occasion. The three-tiered wedding cake ornately iced towered above the silver and china and crystal on the flower bedecked table. And under the wedding veil which her mother and her grandmother had worn before her Louise's hair was a shining halo.

Parks and Louise are single-hearted. Even that time Parks' business failed and they counted the coins that were left, refusing to let her people know . . . Even when they built their ranch house on Crystal Creek and saved until they could buy Joe's Hill where they first held hands and looked out upon the world in sunset . . . Even as Parks tours the land with his radio show, Vox Pop, which has made him wealthy and famous and, true to her word, Louise always goes along . . . Even now that their children, Betty and Bill, are grown and they wait daily, concerned but proud, to hear that Bill, in the reserve, has left his university for active service. . . .

For through all the years Parks and Louise Johnson have placed each other before everything else, even themselves. "Which is," they say "all any man and woman need to do to be as happy."

Say Hello To—

LYN MURRAY, whose radio choral group, the Lyn Murray Singers, has been praised by outstanding critics as the equal of the great English Singers. Murray's talented vocalists are heard on the All Time Hit Parade Fridays on NBC and on the Hit Parade, Saturdays on CBS. In addition to this work, Lyn Murray writes and conducts the special orchestral mood music for the Sunday night CBS Radio Reader's Digest. Born in London, Murray, as a child, wanted to be a sailor, a newspaperman or an actor. His father, a violinist, wanted him to be a businessman, but he taught his son music. Lyn tried all three of his childhood ambitions, and then broke into radio in its very early days, in Newport News, Virginia. Despite a heavy schedule, he still finds time to compose some music for his own enjoyment.

Tears Are So Real

Continued from page 21

I told myself, to lose Jeff than to lose my sense of values. So I left him, never having known him at all.

I found myself one day possessed of a document which read, ". . . on motion of attorney for plaintiff, it is hereby adjudged and decreed that the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between Lila Baudry Mason and Jefferson Kern Mason be, and the same are, hereby dissolved, and said parties absolutely divorced from each other."

That document, and a new job, and no Jeff and no laughter anywhere in my world. Only the memory of how sweet his kisses had been, how great a haven his arms; only the memory of one momentary glimpse past the laughter in him—the look his face had worn when I told him that we had come to the end of us.

IT wasn't any part of Jeff's character to try to see me when I had told him I didn't want to see him, so that all I knew of him after that was what I heard. Heard, with a little stab of pain, that he was growing thin. Heard, and hated hearing it, that he was dating the script girl. Heard, at last, and with a wave of unreasonable resentment against him, that he had enlisted in the Army—resentment because, this being months before Pearl Harbor, and I was certain that we would never get into the war, I was sure that he considered being in the Army just another new and fascinating game to play.

It was only a few days after I was told that Jeff had enlisted that the manager of WKKL called me.

"Like your new job?" he asked.

"Why, ye-es."

"Would you rather have your old one back?"

Work alone where once I had worked with Jeff? No!

"I—I—no, I don't think so."

An urgency came into the manager's voice. "I wish you'd think it over very seriously, Lila. Ralph Clark has been promoted to continuity director, and he very badly needs someone to help him out—someone who really knows the ropes around here. The girl we hired when you left to get married just hasn't panned out. There's a good raise in it for you, and we really need you."

It was partly the money, partly the feeling of importance it gave me to know that I was really needed—and partly, I suppose, that way women have of torturing themselves. Anyway, I went back to WKKL. And that's how I happened to be sorting letters for "A Word From the Wise" that awful, everything-going-wrong morning when I heard footsteps in the corridor outside and a sound I hadn't heard for too long.

He never *could* remember the words of a song. . . .

The footsteps came briskly along in march time to the meaningless syllables which replaced the words of the song. "Pum-*pum*-pum-pum, pum-*pum*-pum-pum, good-by, my lover, good-by. . . ."

Jeff.

Very slowly I put down the letter in my hand. The familiar footsteps were just outside the door. And then they had gone beyond.

"Pum-*pum*-pum-pum—"

The closing of a door put an end to the footsteps and the song alike. I sat very still until I could convince myself that they had never been. And then Ralph Clark's buzzer sounded. I gathered up the sheaf of letters and my notebook and pencils and went into his office.

Ralph's round, pleasant face creased with a brief smile of greeting. And then he hid the smile in a handkerchief and mopped tenderly at his nose.

"All set?" he asked. And then added unnecessarily, "Wretched cold I've got."

I let one nod serve as answer for both and pulled up a chair, my pencil poised. But Ralph wasn't quite ready to go to work. "Have a good time Tuesday night?" he asked.

For the life of me I couldn't remember right then where I'd been Tuesday night or what I'd done. I could just remember footsteps and . . . "Yes," I said. "Oh, yes!"

RALPH glowed. "I thought you'd like that place," he said. "Pretty good food—and not expensive."

Of course I remembered then. Ralph had taken me to dinner. Ralph had taken me to dinner rather a lot lately. I liked Ralph. He was the sort of man I'd always had in the back of my mind, I guess, when I thought of the future—of a home and a husband.

"Dinner again tonight?" It was more a statement than a question.

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THEN I TRIED another laxative which I thought would be easier on me. But, instead of giving relief, it only stirred me up and left me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*

I WAS A "DUMB BUNNY" for not having discovered Ex-Lax sooner! How *pleasant* it is to take! You eat a little tablet that tastes just like chocolate — and that's all there is to it! Ex-Lax works so well, too. It's not too strong, not too mild... *it's just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective — but effective in a *gentle* way! It won't upset you—won't make you feel bad afterwards. No wonder Ex-Lax is called:

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

—it's not too strong!
—it's not too mild!
—it's just right!

As a precaution, use only as directed.

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10c and 25c at all drug stores

***To relieve the distress of* SIMPLE PILES**

Get relief from the distressing pain and discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids—with *Unguentine Rectal Cones*—made by the makers of famous *Unguentine.*

Millions of these soothing, pain-relieving, antiseptic rectal cones have been sold. Try them—and if you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Guarantee: **Your druggist will refund your full purchase price if you are not satisfied.**

UNGUENTINE* *RECTAL CONES

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Norwich

By the Makers of *Unguentine

I shook my head. "Why—why—" I improvised, "no, Ralph. No, I wouldn't think of keeping you out tonight. You'd better stay home and nurse that cold."

Ordinarily I enjoyed dinner with Ralph, enjoyed our talks together. I couldn't understand why the refusal had leaped so quickly to my lips.

But Ralph was pleased by my solicitude. "I guess you're right," he said. "I wish I could get out of here early, but I've got to do the show."

shuffled the pack of letters. "We'd better get the script done," I suggested.

Ralph nodded. "Okay, go ahead."

I picked up the first letter and began to read it aloud. When I had finished, Ralph dictated an answer. That was the way the show went on the air—Ralph reading first the letters and then the answers.

WE went on, diminishing the pile of letters, but my mind was only half on my work. Part of it was full of footsteps. . . .

"This is the last one," I said at length, picking up the final letter. But I didn't read it. I didn't read it because a door had opened down the hall, and there were footsteps again—familiar footsteps coming closer. And the humming of a song. And a hand on the door of Ralph's office—and the door opening.

Had my life depended on it, I could not have turned around.

The voice still had laughter in it. The laughter had a new steadiness. "Hi, Ralph. Hello, Little One."

Ralph looked up. There was no pleasure in his face. "Hello, Jeff. Come on in."

There was a heaviness in my body that made my turning seem to take a thousand years. There he stood, looking just as he had always looked, handsome with the old laughter in his face, handsome still because of a new purpose that was there, too. His uniform was obviously very new. It gave his lean strength a new solidity; his cap was set at a jaunty angle; single gold bars glistened on his shoulders.

"Hello, Little One," he said again. That silly name he'd always called me —I, who wasn't particularly little, who wasn't the sort of person at all to be called Little One.

My heart was thudding so that I was sure it would give my answer a beating rhythm. "Hello Jeff. You—you look wonderful."

For that one moment I could forget all that I held against him and remember only all that I had found dear in him.

Ralph cleared his throat impatiently. "So it's *Lieutenant* Mason now is it? Congratulations, Jeff."

Jeff tendered him a mock salute. "Thanks. And congratulations to you, too—you've got yourself a mighty fine secretary."

Ralph nodded briefly. "I certainly have. Say, Jeff, sit down somewhere for a minute, will you, while Lila and I finish up the last of this script, and then we can talk. I've had quite a job trying to fill your shoes here."

"Sure." Jeff took a straight chair from the corner and swung it around to sit down facing wrong-side-to, his crossed arms on the back of the chair forming a rest for his chin.

There was a tiny silence before I realized that Ralph was waiting for me to read the last letter. I picked it up and began in a voice that sounded strange and far-off.

"Dear Mr. Clark:

For a while I was engaged to a boy I loved very much. But he had some bad habits. He drank an awful lot, and some of my friends told me some things about how he acted with other girls. So after a while I gave him his ring back.

A little while ago he joined the Army. Yesterday he came home on his first furlough. He seems changed—steadier, sort of, and he doesn't drink anymore. He wants me to be engaged to him again, but I don't know whether I should or not, because my mother says that fellows like that don't really change even if they seem to.

Please answer my letter this week as his leave will be over soon, and it may be a long time before I see him again. Mary K."

Ralph cleared his throat again and deliberated for a moment before he began to dictate the answer. I could feel Jeff's eyes on my back—somehow like a hand laid gently between my shoulder blades—and I suddenly felt the warm, purry sensation a kitten must have when it is stroked.

After a moment Ralph started his dictating, and my pencil marked the lines of the notebook while I concentrated my mind thankfully on listening to him.

> "Well, Mary K., I think your mother is right. A man's real nature shows best in his bad habits, and it is very seldom that his real nature changes. Your future is too important to gamble with. Remember, too, that this man may be away for a long time, that you will have none of the normal happiness that is a young girl's right in her engagement. No, Mary K., though there may be a momentary hurt in refusing this young man, I am sure that you will feel, in the long run, that my advice to you is right. Don't take the young man back."

Ralph thought again for a moment, then, "That's all," he decided.

Now I would have to do it. Now I would have to pick up my notebook and pencils and papers and walk out of the room, walk very close to Jeff, walk by without putting out my hand to touch him as I wanted to. I gathered up my things, took a deep breath, and fled without letting my eyes turn toward him, barely conscious of the fact that he had put out a hand to stay me and let it fall again.

AT my desk I rolled paper hurriedly into the typewriter and began to type tonight's script, numbering the letters and putting corresponding numbers on the answers. I forced my fingers to fly to make the rattling of the machine drown out the sound of Jeff's low, musical voice in the next room.

I wondered how Jeff would say what he had come to say to me—for surely, he must have come to see me. If he hadn't wanted to see me, he would have stayed away from the station entirely. How would he begin? Would there be the same light, flip phrases I knew so well? Or had he new, serious words to go with the new seriousness I felt in him?

But when he did come out it was to stop at my desk only long enough to say, "I've an errand uptown, but I'll be back at the station this afternoon. See you later, Little One."

He went out, then, his footsteps

sounding firmly in the corridor, his voice back to the pum-pumming of "Good-by, My Lover, Good-by."

As I finished the script, the telephone operator came in, and we went down to lunch at the drug store together. But I found that my throat was too closed to let food go past. I tried to choke down a few bites, then gave it up and hurried back to the office. Jeff might already have returned.

He wasn't there. Instead, Ralph was pacing the floor of his office angrily.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

Ralph brought his head up with a jerk, noticing me for the first time. "This!" he exploded, and waved a hand at his desk.

"What?"

HE picked up a paper, held it out for me to see. "My questionnaire. From the draft board."

I looked at him blankly. "Yes?"

"It means I'll be called soon," he cried impatiently.

"But didn't you expect it?" I asked. "After all, you have no dependents—"

"But—" Suddenly he sank down into the chair behind his desk, and I noticed for the first time that his face was white.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Ralph—Are you *afraid*?"

He waved his hand, brushing the accusation aside. "Afraid? Lord, no—what is there to be afraid of? We'll never get into this war. A lot of foolishness—taking men away from their jobs, and marching them up and down through the mud. Oh, it's all right for some fellows—men without decent jobs, men with no futures."

"A great many men—men with better jobs than yours and finer futures than yours have already gone, and more will go. Gone gladly, most of them, gone without waiting to be called," I told him with a fierceness of feeling that surprised me. And suddenly, I didn't want to hear another word. I didn't want to have to look at him. The ringing of the telephone on my desk rescued me.

I went into my own office and picked up the phone. It was the station manager. "Lila," he said, "tell Ralph it's all set for Jeff to do his show tonight."

"Jeff's going to do Ralph's show?" I repeated hollowly.

"That's right," his voice went on. "You were out to lunch when I got the inspiration. Ralph's cold is playing the devil with his voice, and besides, the listeners would get a big kick out of hearing Jeff again, especially now that he's in the Army. The sponsor thinks it's a swell idea, and Jeff says it's okay with him. Will your department whip up some short announcements saying that Jeff will be on the show tonight?"

"All right," I said, and repeated it, "all right," before I realized that I'd hung up the phone.

The afternoon seemed endless. There was no use in trying to keep Jeff out of my mind. The picture of him as he had looked this morning kept coming back and with it some of the feeling I used to know for him before we were married, when we had worked here together. The feeling when I had wondered if he were going to ask me to marry him—half fear, half hope. I didn't wonder now what he would say when I saw him this afternoon, but how he would say it, and how I would answer, how I would frame the refusal so that it would not hurt him too much—and, oh yes! so that it would not hurt

A portrait by Maria de Kammerer

At last! THE 25 HOUR DAY!

(Thanks to your "Satin-Finish" Lipstick!)

by Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

CARRYING on your regular activities, in addition to your many wartime duties, you've probably complained...with the rest of us...that 24 hours just aren't enough! That's the reason I urge you to enjoy the long-lasting smoothness of Tangee's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks.

They're a boon to the busy woman of today—possibly saving you as much as an hour's make-up time every day by lasting...and lasting...and lasting! Let your Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipstick help you WORK your best... by giving you the assurance that you LOOK your best. For Tangee SATIN-FINISH brings your lips to life with a soft and satiny sheen...brings your lips the smooth perfection of an exquisite grooming!

And another tip: Wear the Tangee Rouge that matches your Tangee Lipstick...the shade of Tangee Face Powder that matches your complexion!

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NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light...just right.

TANGEE RED-RED..."Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"...Is always most flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL..."Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

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LIBERTY—*Glory of nations...*
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Debutante... 1943 style... she stays sweeter with NEET

Stay Sweet...Get NEET!

NEW NEET Cream Deodorant is *answering the call to arms*...the arms of thousands of war-active women who need *more than ever* the effective protection to daintiness that only a fine deodorant such as Neet can assure.

New Neet Cream Deodorant quickly stops perspiration and underarm odor from one to three days. This fluffy, stainless, greaseless cosmetic type of cream applies easily and vanishes almost instantly. Makes arms dry and odor-free. Will not irritate normal skin or injure clothing.

Try New Neet Cream Deodorant today! Won't dry in jar. 10¢ and 29¢ sizes, plus tax.

KEEP NEAT WITH...

"I'M FINISHED SHOPPING... I'LL WAIT FOR THE SILVERPLATE WITH THE TWO BLOCKS OF STERLING SILVER INLAID AT BACKS OF BOWLS AND HANDLES OF MOST USED SPOONS AND FORKS"

HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE

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me too much, either. Suddenly I began to tremble, and my face burned hot, because I knew why I trembled —I remembered what I had taught myself to forget, the feeling of being in Jeff's arms, the wonderful, secret knowledge that I belonged to him.

I lost myself completely in remembering, so that the long, endless afternoon sped, finally, until it was five o'clock and I awoke to the realization that Jeff had not come. I began mechanically to put away the things on my desk, to cover my typewriter, but I knew that I wouldn't go home. I would sit there until he came back, until time for the broadcast, if necessary. And all the while I told myself that I was a fool; I was acting like a woman whose lover had left her—hoping against hope that she will catch a glimpse of him, that he will have a kind word for her when they meet—and yet it was *I* who had done the leaving. And even now, I had a refusal ready for him when he should ask me to come back.

AT five-twenty the telephone rang, and it was Jeff, saying, "Look, you know I'm doing Ralph's show tonight? I'd better see a script, but if I come up after it, I won't have time for dinner. How about having dinner with me and bringing the script along?"

"Why, I don't—" I began, but he cut in.

"Don't stop to think," he warned. "Just slap on your hat and come along. Tell yourself it's the script I want and not you, Little One, and your conscience won't trouble you a bit. Chop House in fifteen minutes—right?"

There was a definite click at the other end of the line. He hadn't given me a chance to say no.

And it *was* the script he wanted. Or, at least, it was the script he talked about. And the Army. And the war he was sure we'd be drawn into soon.

Then too soon it was time to go back to the station—and I realized that I had been having a good time, a wonderful time, that my laughter had mingled with Jeff's laughter, that I had found myself answering his foolishness in kind. That I had learned, somehow, in the time that we had been separated, how to talk to Jeff—too late, because it was all over now. Now he'd go to the station, and I would go home, and I would probably never see him again. And suddenly that was tragedy past all bearing.

I slipped into my coat in silence and walked ahead of him out of the restaurant. I knew now, surely, that I still loved Jeff, and that I wanted him back.

Jeff slipped a hand under my arm and steered me in the direction of the bus stop.

"I'll leave you here, if you don't mind," he said, and his voice was tight and formal. "I'd better be getting to the station. Good-by, Little One."

Oh, Jeff, don't say good-by to me—don't ever say good-by. For a moment I thought I had cried it aloud, but there was only silence between us. And then I did speak. I had to because I couldn't let him go. I tried to make it sound convincing. "Jeff, I'm afraid I have to go back to the station, too. I forgot to put the announcer's copy of the show in the book."

"I could do that for you," he said slowly.

I shook my head. "I can't lose my reputation as a super-secretary, and I really don't mind."

Don't mind! I could no more have left him then than I could have killed myself on the spot.

We crossed the street to catch a bus going in the other direction and sat in silence, like strangers, all the way to the station. Once we reached there, there was no time for any thinking except about the program. I got the script into the announcer's book, listened while the control man checked Jeff's voice. Then there was just five minutes left before he went on the air, and he turned to me to say, "Good-by again, Little One. You'll be gone when I come off." He hesitated a moment, looking down at me, and then he caught me to him and kissed me, and he turned and went into the studio.

I WALKED slowly back to my office. Ralph's speaker was going—I had turned it on when we came in, to check the time. I heard the opening announcement for "A Word to the Wise," and the explanation about Jeff's being on the program tonight.

Putting off the time when I must go, I powdered my nose, touched my lips with lipstick, straightened the already-neat top of my desk, re-stacked the papers in Ralph's file basket, put on my coat and buttoned it slowly up to my throat. I pulled on my gloves, easing them deliberately down on each finger, as if they had never been worn before, and then, feeling sick and lost, I knew that there was nothing more to do. I must go. It was as if I were shutting a door in Jeff's face, as I snapped off the loud speaker.

I walked down the hall to the elevators as an old woman walks, putting one foot down deliberately before picking up the other. I could hear Jeff's voice again now, through the speaker at the far end of the corridor. I put out a finger to ring the elevator bell and let my hand fall again.

I couldn't do it. I couldn't go home. It didn't matter how much my mind told me that I was being a fool. My heart drowned out whatever my mind said with its cry of Jeff, Jeff, Jeff! It didn't matter that he didn't want me. It didn't matter that I'd be making a fool of myself. I turned and walked

W-A-R-N-I-N-G

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Paper restrictions now in force makes it utterly impossible for us to print enough copies of RADIO MIRROR to supply the great demand that exists for it. This means that many persons will not be able to secure their copies when they ask for them at the newsstands. Do not risk disappointment. Take steps now to prevent it by instructing your newsdealer to reserve your copy of next month's and succeeding issues. It will take only a moment of your time and will assure you of receiving your copy of RADIO MIRROR each month as issued. In your own best interests attend to it *today!*

swiftly toward the other end of the building, through a dark studio, and into the control room. I could watch him from there.

He sat at a desk, the microphone in front of him, his strong, brown hands holding the script, and through the speaker over my head I could hear his voice. No laughter, no flippancy in the voice, now—all quiet seriousness and kindliness, so that everyone who listened all over the city must know that he meant what he said.

The program was almost over now. He was beginning to read the last letter—that letter from the girl who wanted to know if she should give the man she loved another chance.

I leaned forward, resting my hands on the sill of the big window that separated the control room and the studio, watching Jeff's face, hearing his voice reading pathos and heartbreak into the simple little letter.

HE paused a moment at the end of the letter before beginning the answer, and in that moment he raised his eyes and saw me standing there. I could hear—and everyone in the city must have heard, and wondered about—the little catch in his breath. He raised his hand to me for just a second, and then turned his eyes back to the paper before him.

"Well, Mary K., I think your mother is—"

He paused for that fraction of a second that seems like years on the air, and then he went on.

"—wrong. A man can change. His nature can change, and his habits can change—but his heart hasn't changed if he really loves you."

Why—that wasn't the answer I had written this morning at all! Of course it wasn't—Jeff had put down the script now, and his eyes caught mine and held them, and his voice held me, too, as if those hands of his had clamped tightly on my shoulders, forcing me to listen to him, to look at him—forcing me to understand.

"It may very well be that the Army has changed this young man of yours. It's a serious matter, getting ready to fight a war, preparing yourself to give up your life, if you have to. No wonder he seems changed. He *is* changed. No man can look into the future now and not be changed. There is still laughter left in the world—of course there is; there must always be laughter. But there are tears, too. Men will fight, and laugh because they do not dare to cry, but women will weep, and we will discover that laughter and tears are the most real things in the world. Give your young man another chance, Mary. Give him something to live for. Give him something to dream about while he's away. Give him something to come home to. Give him another chance."

I realized that I was crying, not the petty little tears of anger—real tears, the most real thing in the world. And I didn't care that Jeff saw me crying. I put my hand on the knob of the studio door, and as the red light above it flicked off, showing that the microphone in the studio was dead now, I snatched the door open.

I didn't have to cross the studio to him. He had come to me, and his arms were waiting for me. I crept into them, humble and proud at once, laughing and crying at once—knowing, *knowing* that I was alive, and that being alive, in the same world with Jeff, was all I could ever ask of life, now and forever.

This week she's a Bride again!

1 Last week she was only a wife... an *unhappy* wife... 'cause her man never said pretty things any more... and he wasn't romantic! And guess what? Her face powder was all to blame! It just didn't give her natural youth and beauty a chance... for its color was dead and lifeless... so her skin looked old! And so did she!

2 But one day... one *lucky* day... she tried Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder... in the glamorous new shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth! What a thrilling discovery for her... and for *you*, too... because there's a new Cashmere Bouquet shade to enhance all the natural, alluring youthfulness in *your* complexion, no matter what your age!

3 So now she's a bride again... a *joyful* bride... for her mate is attentive as the day they wed... thanks to that smooth, downy, youthful look Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder gives her! And this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-blended ...never *never* streaky! It's color-smooth... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, keeps you lovelier for hours on end!

4 And now there's a new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet, color-harmonized to suit *your* skin-type perfectly! So, don't wait to win a lovelier, more glamorous complexion! You'll find Cashmere Bouquet in 10¢ or larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere!

CASHMERE BOUQUET FACE POWDER

In the New Youthful Shades

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Here's quick relief that helps remove "core" while you walk

CORNS aggravated by today's extra walking are apt to get bigger, more painful. Home-paring removes only the top, leaves the "core" behind. Instead, get Blue-Jay Medicated Corn Plasters! Blue-Jay works while you walk; quickly relieves pain; gently softens and loosens the corn so it may be easily removed, *including the pain-producing core.** Get Blue-Jay at any drug or toilet goods counter today. Costs only a few cents per corn.

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(BAUER & BLACK)
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Facing the Music

Continued from page 9

the Hotel Waldorf Astoria, but the millions who hear him over CBS and on Decca Records.

Nearly ten years ago this same young musician, then known only as Carmen, was spell-binding dancers as the pianist in Al Kavelin's band. Even in those days the dancers would stop their whirling each time Carmen had a featured piano part, and crowd around the Steinway to watch his fast moving fingers streak across the keyboard.

You didn't have to be a professional talent scout to predict a bright future for Carmen. Those who first heard him knew that as soon as he enriched his style and developed a personality matured by experience, the youngster would be ready for stardom.

"It's just a question of time," Carmen will tell you, "you have to wait your turn and strike when the break comes."

THE break came when Decca Records asked him to make an album of piano solos. The records, revealing his own expressive style of emphasizing the melody and subtly improvising around it, and his careful selection of tunes, were enormously successful. Other albums were rushed to the counters. To date they have sold over 750,000 copies. Band bookers took the cue and helped Carmen organize his own orchestra.

Flushed with this new found success Carmen could have repeated the mistakes of other new band leaders who meet with unexpected reverses because they immediately hire large personnels and use expensive arrangements. Carmen used only nine men and a minimum of special orchestrations and kept it that way when he played in Washington's Hotel Carlton and Radio City's Rainbow Room.

"I decided to build slowly and expand along the way. I saw too many of my over enthusiastic friends go broke because of overhead," he says.

Carmen is a real Latin from Manhattan. He was born twenty-nine years ago in midtown New York, the son of an Italian-American barber. Carmen started to take piano lessons when he was five but he can't explain how he acquired so early a taste fo music.

"I guess it came natural. My moth er's not a musician and my father ha a tin ear."

Carmen kept up his music lesson right through high school and althoug his father almost influenced his so to prepare for college and a mor learned profession, the boy could nc change the course fate had set fo him. Before he was sixteen, Carme was playing in small semi-professiona orchestras and it didn't take him lon to get jobs with such headliners a Rudy Vallee, Enric Madriguera, an Al Kavelin.

Carmen has been married eigh years. He met his wife, a blue eye Baltimorean, when she came to Ne York on a vacation and had dinne with her mother in the hotel Carme was playing in.

The Cavallaros have one child, si year old Dolores. They have a per manent residence in Baltimore an Carmen often goes down there o weekends.

Although Carmen made his repu tation playing soft, sentimental musi he has a constant fear that brothe musicians will label him corny.

"Don't pin me down as an icky. can play boogie woogie and swing too It's just that I believe most peopl like to hear the kind of music I fea ture and don't want a constant die of noisy stuff."

Carmen says no one influenced hi piano style. He attributes the dis tinctiveness to his early classica training.

"I have a simple philosophy abou music. Things that are good can't die I only want to play good things."

That's why when Carmen is on th bandstand, playing publicly, the bran of music that floats through the air waves is soft and appealing. But onc he's off the bandstand, it isn't unusua for the slim pianist to rush off to som smoke filled swing sanctum, join in frenzied jam session and cut more rug than Herr Hitler can chew on.

"I do that for two reasons. I lik the change of pace. I like to prove t myself that I can play that stuff too.

ANOTHER WAY TO DO YOUR BIT

THE SIGNAL CORPS SEEKS TO PURCHASE AMATEUR RADIO COMMUNICATION EQUIPMENT

Radio amateurs have been requested to sell their short-wave communication equipment to the Signal Corps, Army Services of Supply. This equipment is needed both for training purposes and operational use.

The radio communication equipment needed consists of transmitters, and receivers and such radio components as capacitors, resistors, and installation material. Especially desired are audio-frequency and radio-frequency signal generators and oscilloscopes, precision AC and DC Voltmeters, ammeters and milliammeters, and other equipment for testing.

Used equipment will be purchased if it is in perfect operating condition or if it can readily be restored to such condition. The price paid for each item will be set by a Signal Corps inspector.

Persons in possession of the desired equipment who wish to sell it for the use of the Army are invited to send a brief description, including name of manufacturer and model type, to Captain James C. Short at the Philadelphia Signal Corps Procurement District, 5000 Wissahickon Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Love Is Not for Me

Continued from page 28

ink on the latest attempt at a letter. In a flash, I thought that if it were anyone I knew, Mrs. Mecinski would know them, too, and would have told me the name. It must be Barrett Morgan, then—it must be! I went to the mirror and peered into its rippled reflection, smoothing out my hair with trembling fingers. Going downstairs, I had to force myself to walk slowly.

It wasn't Barrett Morgan, of course. I should have known, I reminded the dagger-edged disappointment I felt, when a man I'd never seen before got up from Mrs. Mecinski's most comfortable chair and came toward me.

"Hello, Miss Rae. My name's Kenward, Tom Kenward. I'm your brother's lawyer."

"My brother's . . . I don't think I understand," I said. "I saw him this morning and he didn't have any lawyer then. He said he didn't want one—he's going to plead guilty."

THAT'S what he still says. Just the same, I'm his lawyer and he mustn't plead guilty."

He smiled, perfectly at ease under my puzzled and suspicious inspection. He was a very neat young man, and very sure of himself. There was something almost theatrical about his neatness and self-assurance. His tan shoes were brightly polished, his trousers had sharp creases, the collar points of his blue shirt were smartly clipped together underneath a darker blue tie, and a white handkerchief peeped just far enough out of his breast pocket. When he smiled, his right eyebrow traveled up on his forehead in a quizzical way, as if at a private joke. He was very good-looking—and, I was sure, knew it.

I said guardedly, "Why did you come to see me?"

He waved toward the sofa. "Sit down, won't you, and let's talk." I hesitated, but there didn't seem to be any point in sending him away. Probably when he found out we didn't have any money for lawyers he'd leave fast enough, of his own accord.

"I heard the Mayor's fire-eating speech last night," he said, "and I decided right then your brother needed a friend. So I went over to see him, but he wasn't very—well, co-operative. That's why I came to you."

It sounded plausible enough, but for some reason I was still suspicious. Perhaps it was because this Tom Kenward was so clearly anything but an idealist. Everything about him cried aloud that he wasn't really interested in anything but getting ahead in the world, as fast as possible. His good clothes couldn't hide the fact that he wasn't like Barrett Morgan, who had been born to success.

"We haven't any money to hire a lawyer," I said bluntly. "I don't see how we could ever pay you."

Instead of being offended, he nodded. "I know that, but it doesn't bother me. You see, I haven't been practicing very long, so my time isn't worth anything. But I need publicity and a chance to get up in front of a jury. Your brother's case will give me both. So the money doesn't matter."

This time I really believed him. He was the sort of person who didn't overlook any opportunity. But he didn't bring me any hope for Mike.

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brother any good," I said wearily. "He's already admitted he broke into the store—he couldn't do anything else, since they caught him. You'd only lose your case."

"Maybe," he said, his dark blue eyes narrowing shrewdly. "And maybe not. The Mayor's making a big hullabaloo about your brother—he wants to make an example of him because there's been a lot of juvenile delinquency around town and people are complaining. But Barrett Morgan's not so smart. I can do a few things with a jury that'll surprise him."

He was so very sure of himself! I didn't think I liked him much, but I wanted to believe him. If only he could help Mike!—if only there was some way he could set him free again!

"Come on," he said. "No harm in trying, is there? If it doesn't work—well, it doesn't work, and your brother's no worse off than he was to begin with."

ALL right," I said with a sudden, buoyant feeling of hope. "All right, Mr. Kenward."

"Swell!" he said, laughing. "Now how about going out somewhere for a sandwich and a dance or two, and you can tell me all about yourself and Mike?"

My vague distrust of him came back, then, enough to make me say, "No—I'm sorry, but I can't. It's getting late, and I have a letter to write."

"Tomorrow night, then." It wasn't a question; it was a smiling statement. "It's got to be sometime soon, you know—there are a lot of questions I've got to ask to prepare the case."

He was right, of course. I would have to tell him things, and I should have appreciated his offer to make the conference more pleasant by holding it outside this drab and rather public rooming-house living room. I said, a good deal more pleasantly, "All right—tomorrow."

"See you then, about eight. And—you aren't going to be sorry you let me take the case." He flipped his hand at me in mock salute and was gone.

And I wasn't sorry, I realized as I went back upstairs. I wouldn't let myself hope that he could really set Mike free—but he was someone to talk to, someone who would understand. It was queer, how certain I was that he'd known real poverty. I even knew that in him there was the same anger that Mike and I had felt. Only in him the anger was controlled. It would never force him to do anything as foolish as Mike's daredevil attempt at robbery. It would make him fight, and go on fighting, until he had everything he wanted.

I sat down and wrote my letter to Pop without even stopping to think. It was easy to write now.

When I went to bed I fell into an exhausted sleep. Toward morning I dreamed, but not of Mike, nor even of Tom Kenward. I dreamed of Barrett Morgan, and of a summer night that had been nothing more than a dream itself.

In the next week, I saw a great deal of Tom. He came around every night, and usually we went out, away from the depressing atmosphere of Mrs. Mecinski's. We never went anywhere very expensive—"A budding lawyer's pocketbook doesn't run to nightclubs," Tom remarked—but at least we were out.

I told him about myself, and about Mike, and in return he told me about his own life. I didn't have to be told, really. I'd known that he was born in a slum, and I could almost have guessed that he'd once robbed a store, when he was a boy—just like Mike, with the difference that he hadn't been caught and had decided there were better and less dangerous ways of getting what you wanted.

"You aren't shocked," he said when he told me that story. "That's good. You've found out what I did. It's take or be taken, in this world. Or, as the boys in the Solomons say, git or git got."

I HAD wondered, and this was a good chance to ask. "Why haven't you been drafted, Tom?"

For a moment, his eyes darkened, and then he forced a laugh. "Because my country didn't see to it when I was a kid that I had enough to eat and enough to wear. I had rheumatic fever and it got my heart. Not too much, but enough."

"Oh," I said. "I'm sorry, Tom."

He shrugged. "Well—it has its advantages. I'm here, building up a practice, while other fellows my age are in fox-holes."

I wasn't repelled by his frankness because I had a feeling it wasn't frankness at all. He was trying to be hard-boiled, but it had hurt him to be rejected by the Army. As casually as I could, I said:

"How about Barrett Morgan? Do you know why he isn't drafted?"

"Sure—they haven't called him yet because he's got a lot of dependents, a mother and a couple of kid sisters."

I opened my eyes wide. "But I thought he was rich!"

"Not a dime," Tom said, and he sounded pleased. "The family used to have plenty, but they lost it all when old Mr. Morgan died ten years or so ago." He leaned forward over the

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table at which we were sitting. "What makes you so interested in Morgan, Jennie?"

"I'm not," I lied. "I just happened to remember he wasn't very old, and wondered why he wasn't in the Army, that's all."

"I don't like him," Tom said shortly. "I don't like his holier-than-thou attitude and the way he talks about The Law. So—" he grinned suddenly—"let's not talk any more about him." His hand reached over and captured mine. "Let's talk about us. Don't you know I'm crazy about you?"

It wasn't the first time he'd made such an extravagant remark—and, as usual, I didn't believe he meant it at all. I laughed, but inwardly I felt a little, sharp twinge of pain. If Barrett Morgan had ever said that to me, I'd have known he meant it. If! . . .

"No," I said, "let's talk about Mike."

"All right," Tom agreed. "And I've got some news for you. I've decided I want you to testify."

I SANK back in my seat, feeling already as if the eyes of hundreds of people were on me. "Oh, no, Tom!" I breathed. "I couldn't! I'd make mistakes and say the wrong things."

"No you won't." He shook his head firmly. "I want you to tell exactly what you've told me, about your life and Mike's since your mother died. Tell about Mike's friends, the kids he ran around with, and how they always used to hang around on street corners because they didn't have any place else to go. You've got to do it, if you want to help Mike. I can't put him on the stand, because you know how he is—completely licked, sure he'll be convicted no matter what he says. The jury wouldn't like that—they'd think he was just sullen . . . It's you or nobody, Jennie."

I took a deep breath, to quiet the terror inside me. "Then it's me, of course," I said.

Even then, mixed up with the dread, there was in me a kind of fierce delight. Barrett Morgan would be there in the courtroom, listening. He was so anxious to convict Mike—to do as the Mayor said, make an example of him. Well, maybe it wouldn't work out that way, and if it didn't, I would have done my share in defeating Barrett.

I wonder, now, if I should have sensed something strange about Mike's trial. But I knew nothing of what goes on in courtrooms—only what I had seen in the movies, and they aren't much like the real thing. Besides, I was so intent on making a good impression when the time came for me to take the stand that there must have been a lot I missed.

It came to me in snatches—bits of pictures. Mike sitting next to me at the long oak table, keeping his head down and his eyes on his clasped hands. The judge, looking frighteningly high up in the air on his bench. Twelve people with white blurs for faces in the jury box. A buzz from the partly-filled space for spectators behind me. And Barrett Morgan, remote and strange, on the other side of the room.

Our eyes met, just once, with an impact that sent a tremor through my whole body. But whether it was a shock of love or hatred I didn't know.

Mr. Corelli, the owner of the candy store, testified, and so did the policeman who had arrested Mike. And then it seemed that the City Attorney had called all his witnesses, and from a great distance I heard my own name

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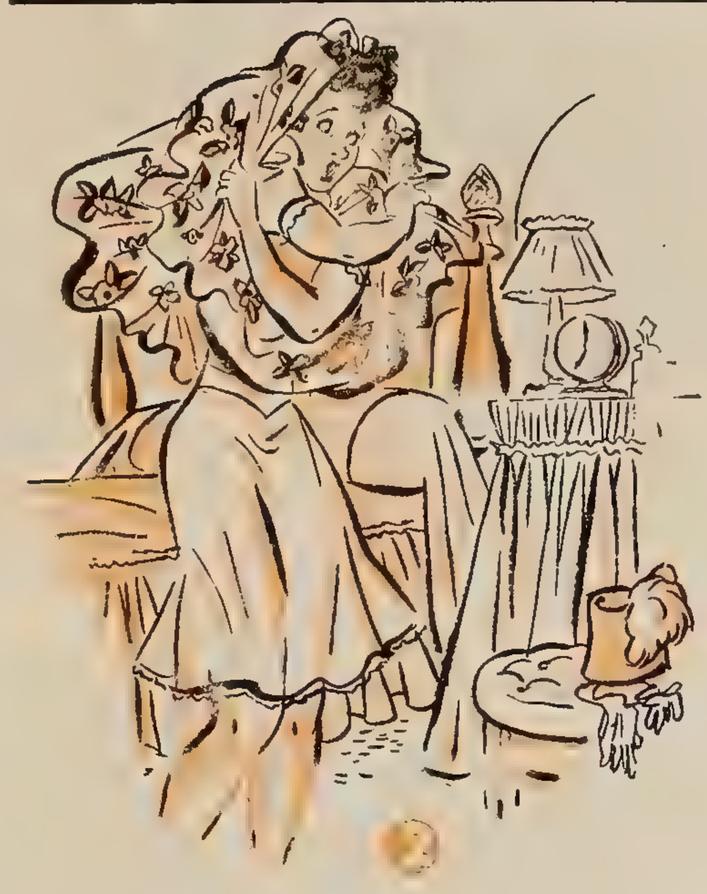

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being called. Mechanically I got up.

That part of the trial was like a dream. I heard my own voice, giving answers to Tom's questions, and by doing as he'd said, keeping my eyes on him and forgetting the rest of the courtroom, it wasn't so bad. But it was like a dash of cold water when Tom stepped aside and said, "Your witness, Mr. Morgan."

It hadn't occurred to me that Barrett Morgan would cross-examine me. I wanted to jump from the chair and run. I had told the truth, nothing but the truth, but if he stood in front of me and questioned me as I knew lawyers could, I'd break down, I'd contradict myself, I'd do Mike more harm than good . . .

Morgan said quietly, "No cross-examination."

Trembling, I left the witness chair and went back to my seat.

EVEN to me, it seemed momentarily strange that Morgan's speech to the jury was so brief—so almost indifferent. He talked about Mike's crime, and about the wave of petty offenses which had been committed in the city by boys and girls of Mike's age, and he ended, "We, as citizens of Weston, owe a duty to ourselves and each other. It is to face these crimes and end them by bringing to bear upon the offenders the punishment of the law."

Then, when he sat down, Tom got up to speak in his turn—and I saw and heard an utterly new Tom Kenward.

All the cocky self-confidence was gone. He leaned over the railing and talked to the jury, sometimes simply and quietly, sometimes with an intense, vibrant conviction that rang out through the courtroom. He wove a fabric of truth that no one could deny.

I can't give you his words, and perhaps they wouldn't mean enough without the tones of his voice. But the real criminal in Mike's case, he said, wasn't Mike himself. It was the neglect that had let Mike and his friends run wild, without proper playgrounds, without things they could do that would interest them, without hope for the future. He made us see the slums and he made us feel the helpless boredom of an energetic boy when there is nowhere for him to go, nothing to do except stand about on the streets with other boys as idle as himself. He made us know the terrible waste.

He told the jury that they might not find Mike innocent, but that if he was guilty, so was everyone in Weston.

And then he stopped, and everything was jumble and anti-climax, after the clearness and simplicity of what he had said. The judge talked for a while, and all at once the jury was filing out, and Tom put his hand on mine. "You mustn't be disappointed," he said, "when they bring in a verdict of guilty. We've got to expect that. I'm counting on the jury's recommendation."

I hardly heard him. His speech had done something that all the unhappiness of Mike's arrest hadn't—it had made me cry.

We were still sitting at the long table when the jury returned. I heard the rustle of the courtroom, then someone saying, "Guilty . . . recommend that sentence be suspended . . ." and then Tom stood up and slapped Mike on the back. People moved around and the judge disappeared, and Tom was smiling at me, and I only had time to kiss Mike before someone led him away.

"I don't understand—is everything all right?" I managed to ask Tom.

"I hope so," he said. "It ought to be. The jury recommended a suspended sentence—that means letting Mike go free unless he pulls another fool trick. Now it's up to the judge—he's in his chambers and he just sent word he wanted to talk to Mike there. I'll be back in a minute."

He hurried away, and I looked around, things beginning to fall into their proper places again. People were leaving the courtroom, the doors swinging back and forth as they passed through. I saw Barrett Morgan standing near a little door at the side of the room, near the judge's bench. He looked tired and discouraged, and I had my little moment of triumph—but somehow it didn't mean anything.

Tom came back. "Mike's with the judge," he said. "No telling how long they'll be. We'd better go—I gave the bailiff your number to call as soon as there's any news." He took my arm and led me toward the door. "But it's in the bag," he said "The judge can't ignore the jury's recommendation."

"Free!" I said it aloud. It was a beautiful word, so beautiful that it unlocked the emotions I had had inside me, unable to express. "Oh, Tom," I said, "you were wonderful!"

"Not bad, if I do say so," he said with a laugh that was just unsteady enough to tell me that it wasn't easy for him to appear nonchalant. "It does something for you, to get up in front of a jury and—well, know you're making them think the way you want them to."

ALL the way home, he talked as if he couldn't stop, as if all the taut stress of the trial was finding its release in a rush of words. I was content to walk beside him, savoring my happiness, only half listening.

"Let's wait for the call in your room," Tom suggested. "Don't tell me that ogre of a landlady would have any objections in broad daylight."

"All right," I agreed. "Though it isn't much prettier than this, to tell the truth." I took him up to the room and then went into Mrs. Mecinski's kitchen to tell her that I was home and expecting an important telephone call. She wanted to know all about the trial, and it was long minutes before I could escape from her. When I got back, finally, Tom was standing looking out of my window, whistling softly, his hands thrust into his pockets. He turned, smiling.

"Boy!" he said. "I feel wonderful. Don't you?"

"Yes," I told him. "More than wonderful—so happy I—I don't know what to do."

He came over to me swiftly and took my hands. "Poor little kid," he said tenderly. "It's been tough on you. You didn't really think we could pull it off, did you?"

"I—only hoped you would. And of course we can't be quite sure yet. How long," I worried, "will it be before we hear?"

"Oh, I don't know—maybe a few minutes, maybe an hour or so," Tom said carelessly.

I tried to free my hands from his grasp, but he still held them strongly. "What's the matter?" he asked softly, an undercurrent of laughter running through his voice. "Don't you think we've earned the right to forget about Mike for a while?"

I didn't answer. I looked into his face, and back of its gaiety I saw determination, the same ruthless will I had sensed in him so often before. It

frightened me, but it fascinated me.

"You know, you're very sweet," he whispered. "I've wanted to kiss you ever since I first met you." Suddenly he let my hands go and caught me close to him, bending to meet my lips.

"Tom! Please don't!" I said, but he only laughed again.

I didn't want him to kiss me—I felt no emotion toward him at all, just gratitude for the help he'd given me. And gratitude isn't a good enough basis for what I saw in Tom's eyes, then. His eyes were blazing, hungry—and I remembered that this was the man who always got what he wanted.

I forced my hands up against his shoulders. "No, Tom, no!"

He laughed at me a little, and then his face grew grim when he found that I meant it, when he found that my trying to escape him wasn't just a flirtatious trick, but a real desire to be free of his arms.

He caught my wrists then and held them tightly behind my back with one hand, and with the other under my chin he forced my face up and turned my lips to his. And his voice was ugly, when he said, "Don't you think I deserve a little thanks for all that I've done for you today, Jennie? Don't—"

I'D believed him when he'd said that I wouldn't have to worry about paying him for taking Mike's case. Oh, it didn't matter how much he'd helped me when I needed help most, I couldn't pay him this way—not this way! I threw all my strength against him, trying to escape his seeking mouth, his questing hands.

From far away, I heard Mrs. Mecinski calling, "Jennie! Jennie!"

Her voice broke the spell. Tom's arms relaxed, and I twisted out of their clasp, threw myself at the door. "It must be the court-house calling," I gasped, and ran to the stairs. But halfway down them I stopped. Barrett Morgan stood in the hall.

He had been smiling at first, but then his eyes went past me to Tom, standing at the head of the stair well, and his face went blank.

"Hello, Miss Rae," he said. "I came to see you about Mike."

Mechanically putting one foot in front of the other, I came the rest of the way down and went into the living room. He followed me, and so did Tom. I wished Tom would go—I would never see Barrett Morgan again, and I longed to have this last, unimportant moment with him alone—but I couldn't tell Tom to leave. He stopped just inside the door, leaning against the frame, watching Barry with a cool sort of triumph.

"I'll only keep you a minute," Barry said impersonally. "The judge suspended Mike's sentence, but he doesn't think he should come back here to live. They talked things over, and the judge suggested that Mike join the Navy. He didn't like the idea much, at first, but the judge explained that in the Navy he'd have a chance to learn a trade and really make something of himself. Then he got really enthusiastic."

"The Navy?" I said aghast. "But Mike's so young—"

"Of course, he'll need your father's consent. But you can talk it over with him this evening when he gets home. I think when you see how anxious he is to go you'll agree that it's best."

"Where is Mike now?" I asked.

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and tell you about it, and say he'd be home in a few hours."

"I see," I said faintly. "Thank you."

BARRY nodded, and turned away. In another moment he would walk out of that door and out of my life—and there was nothing I could do about it.

But he paused in front of Tom. "You handled the case beautifully, Kenward," he said. "Accept my congratulations."

Tom bowed his head, ever so slightly, ever so mockingly. "Thank you, Mr. City Attorney," he said.

A spasm of pain crossed Barry's face and was gone. "Not Mr. City Attorney," he said. "I'm writing my resignation tonight."

Tom's mouth fell open. "Resigning?" he said stupidly. "But why?"

"I shouldn't think you'd have to ask," Barry said, his voice flicking Tom with scorn, and started to go on into the hall.

I had listened, first in amazement and then in bewilderment at the deeper, hidden meaning I heard in Barry's words. Instinct told me that his resignation had something to do with me—something vitally important.

"Barry!" I called after him, the name rising naturally and thoughtlessly to my lips. "Barry! Don't go—tell me why you are resigning?"

He hesitated, and looked at me over his shoulder, his face ashen. "It's nothing," he said. "Just—it's nothing you'd understand."

I flung myself in his way, so he couldn't reach the front door without pushing me aside. "I *would* understand!" I cried. "You know I would—and that's why you won't tell me! You've got to, Barry—you've *got* to!"

Tom's hand was on my arm, his voice growling angrily in my ears, "Don't be silly, Jennie. I know what he means, and it's—"

I paid no attention to him. "Barry!" I said tensely to that white, still face.

"All right," he said suddenly. "I'll tell you. After begging Tom Kenward to take Mike's case, after helping him prepare it, after letting him win it in court without lifting a finger to stop him—what else can I do but resign?"

I fell back. "Barry!" I said. "You did—all that?"

"Yes," he said furiously. "I did it all because I knew you were right. Mike and hundreds of kids like him never had a chance. But that doesn't make any difference to the City Attorney. The City Attorney has to prosecute the Mikes of the world whether he wants to or not. Well, then, I'm not the man for the job!"

Into the throbbing silence, Tom said, "You damn fool, Morgan! I'd never have told."

Barry laughed shortly. "No—I wasn't afraid you'd tell. I was sure you wouldn't want anyone to know—least of all, Jennie."

But for me, Tom Kenward no longer existed. That Barry had been big enough to help Mike—and so much bigger than that, in accepting the consequences . . . oh, I knew now why I had loved him so helplessly, so hopelessly, from the very first.

He saw all I was thinking in my face. I didn't care if he knew I loved him—didn't care if he laughed at me.

Barry didn't laugh. Forgetting Tom, too, he said softly, "Jennie! Jennie dear! We never had a chance to know each other very well, did we? Can't we make up for lost time?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried. "Yes."

If Love Were All

Continued from page 40

cotton shirt and black bow tie he wore at the station. It was a warm evening, so after he'd said hello to Dad and Mother I suggested that we might take a little ride—and was made unreasonably happy when Gene said solicitously, "Are you sure you're strong enough?"

"Of course," I laughed, and we drove in the old car along Lee Street, to where old frame houses gave way to new, single-story bungalows and then to rolling farm-land. There was a side lane a few miles out, a narrow dirt road with oak trees dotted along its length, where we used to go before we were married, and without asking me Gene turned into it and stopped in one of the well-remembered spots. The country silence rushed in on us as soon as he switched off the rackety motor. I guessed that he'd brought me here hoping to remind me of how eagerly we had planned our marriage, hoping to soften me, and the thought brought me a new tenderness I hadn't felt toward him in weeks.

GENE," I said softly, "I think I'd better come home tomorrow."

He let his breath out in a long sigh of relief, and then laughed a little shakily. "Well, honey, I'm glad to hear you say that. You had me worried."

"I had myself worried, Gene . . ."

"I know. Things've been tough." He leaned over, and one arm in its thin cotton sleeve went around my shoulder, drawing me near . . . There was still magic in his kiss. I'd thought that never again could it send the blood racing through my body in the old way, but I'd been wrong, so wrong. I might be disillusioned with him, I might know he was selfish and thoughtless, but that made no difference to my body. It still quickened to his touch, it still bound me to him.

Minutes later he said confidently, "But things are going to be different from now on, Arda. I've learned my lesson. You've been a swell little sport, and I never realized it until I began to be afraid I'd lost you. No more trotting around in slacks, waiting on customers, for you—never again."

"Oh, it wasn't that I minded taking care of the station so much—" But I didn't have to explain. With his old trick of reading my thoughts, he said:

"I know—you were sore because I didn't take enough interest in the place, and because I left you there while I went uptown and took things easy. Sure, I don't blame you."

Neither of us mentioned the baby. We didn't have to.

He went on, "Well, that's all over. From now on—" He broke off and smiled, a secret, utterly charming smile. "You'll see."

Filled with relief and gladness, I snuggled down into the crook of his arm. Mother had been right, so blessedly right! "There's nothing so important as giving marriage another try."

I whispered, "I think I'd like to come home with you tonight—not wait until tomorrow."

His arm tightened around me, and he laughed, deep in his throat. Perhaps there was exultation in that laughter, but if there was, I was too lost in contentment to hear it.

Why can't we be grateful for our moments of happiness?—simply grateful, without regretting the fact that

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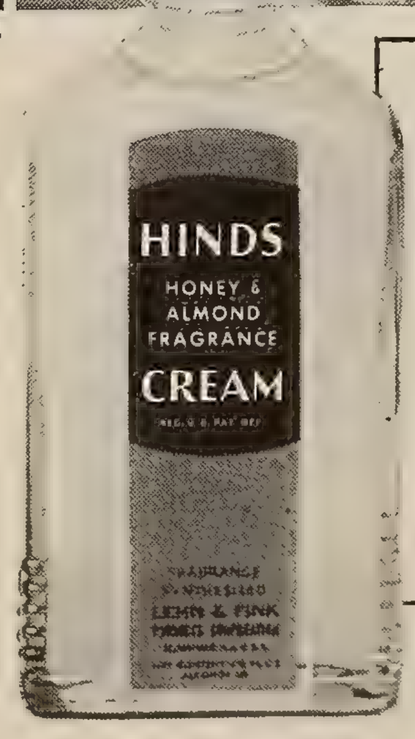

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they didn't last longer? That evening, and part of the day that followed, were filled with a shining kind of loveliness for me. I was back in the little home I had created, and Gene was sweet and thoughtful. The future stretched away into an infinity of perfection. We had come safely through the first great test of our life together, and we had come through unharmed.

The next morning, at breakfast, Gene announced that he was going uptown for an hour or so—"Don't throw anything!" he added, laughing. "It's business, and I've got a kid coming in to mind the station while I'm gone."

I laughed too. For the loneliness of the times when Gene had left me to care for the station, the tragic afternoon when I lost our child, the dull agony of the days since then, when I had come so near to leaving Gene—all these seemed like parts of a bad dream now. Oh, I was so blissfully sure of myself, and of Gene!

JUST before he left Gene said mysteriously, "And if you're very good, I may bring back a surprise for you. A really big surprise, so don't try to guess."

But I did try, while I went about the work of cleaning up the breakfast dishes. Flowers, candy, maybe something to wear—a new dress or some underthings. Not that it really mattered, my heart sang. The wonderful thing was that Gene loved me so much that he wanted to bring me a gift, a surprise . . .

It was nearly noon when Gene returned. He came up the stairs whistling and burst open the door. I came out of the kitchen to meet him, expecting to find him with a big box of some sort in his arms. But instead he was holding out a little booklet to me, saying, "Here's the surprise!"

"What in the world—" I said, but he wiggled his hand impatiently.

"Look at it!"

It was our bank-book, and when I looked inside I saw that the last entry, round and neat, was for one thousand dollars.

"But what—how—" I looked uncomprehendingly from the book to Gene's beaming face.

"I've sold the station!" he announced. "Signed the papers this morning, and that's the first payment you've got in your hand. There'll be more coming in every month."

"You've—" This couldn't be true. He wouldn't have taken a step like this without talking it over with me!

But he had.

I sank down onto the nearest chair, but he didn't even notice. Pacing the room excitedly, he talked as if he could never find words enough to express his glee. "I just thought things over and I made up my mind to get out of this back-breaking business. Slave all day long and where does it get you? So I went up and saw Velten at the bank and it was lucky I did because just the day before he'd been talking to an oil firm that wanted to buy a station in a good spot here. We got down to business and—well, there's the money."

I sat there listening, saying nothing, just looking around the little room. Everything was going to be different, Gene had promised the night before.

I managed to ask, "How much did you sell it for?"—and at once Gene was on the defensive.

"Well—we had to take a little loss, it figures out to about eight hundred dollars, but I decided it was worth it to get rid of the place. It was driving me nuts, Arda!" he insisted vehemently. "I'm just not cut out for this kind of work. It may be all right for some guys, but not for me. Never a minute you can call your own, and you have to get down on your hands and knees to everybody that drives in to make a nickel—"

I hardly knew what he was saying, because I was terribly afraid I might cry. These three little rooms—they weren't much, maybe, but they'd been mine, *mine!* He had no right to take them away from me, without even a word.

I choked back the lump in my throat. "But what are we going to do now?" I asked. "Where are we even going to live?"

"I don't see that we have to do anything right away," Gene said sulkily. "We've got money in the bank and more coming in, and we can afford to look around until I find a job that looks good to me. And as for a place to live, we can move back into the old house."

"The old house?" It took me a moment to realize that he meant the Gorman house, where he and his brother Tim had lived. "But that's rented."

"Not any longer. I told the Petersons this morning that we'd want the place ourselves, so they'll be getting out the first of the month. Until then, I guess we can stay with your family, unless—" with heavy sarcasm—"you think they'd object?"

Suddenly, rage swept through me, drying up the threatened tears. How dared he ride rough-shod over me, over Tim, his brother, over the Petersons and over anyone who stood in his way?

"You can't do that," I said in a voice I couldn't control. "The rental from that house is the only income Tim has besides his Army salary."

"Well, we can go on paying him the same rent, can't we?" he demanded.

HE was glowering down on me now, but my anger gave me strength to fling his stare back at him. I knew, deep within me, that he had no intention of paying Tim the same rent, or any rent at all—just as he had never had any intention of paying back the money Tim had given us to help buy the service station in the first place. He had sold the station as if it were all his own to dispose of, morally as well as legally. Now he would take the house in the same way. And Tim—dear, easy-going Tim—wouldn't object. He'd say it didn't matter, he didn't need the money anyway.

Gene fished a package of cigarettes from his pocket, lit one, and flipped the match, with a childish petulance, onto the floor. "Good Lord!" he said, "the main reason I got rid of the station was so we could have a decent life. I thought you'd be pleased. And now you're acting as if—as if I'd just robbed a bank or something."

I wanted to say, "You're lying." He had always known I would not want him to sell the station. That was why he had built the news up as a surprise, as something delightful and gay. He'd pretended to think he was doing something I would like, and now he was pretending to be hurt and angry because I didn't.

I had thought he would change. But he never would, never—never. He would not grow up. He would forever do as he pleased, without re-

gard for what was right—not breaking promises so much as evading them, refusing to admit that he had ever made them.

But he was my husband.

The night before, when I had quickened to his touch, had showed me that, no matter what he was, I was bound to him. Where he went, I would follow. That was the weapon he held over me.

I stood up. "It's all right," I said in a quiet, dead voice. "It's done now, anyway."

In the kitchen, I stood for a minute, looking at the window where I'd hung the little red-and-white curtains. They'd cost only a few cents, yet they were gay and gallant and young. Probably I would hang other curtains in the kitchen of the Gorman house, but these were a symbol. I knew that no other home I would ever have would mean quite as much to my heart as this one.

AS IF fate wanted to prove to me that Gene had been right to dispose of the service station, luck was with him in the next few months. Ironically, we prospered.

France had fallen, months before, and England was, it seemed, being beaten to her knees by daily, nightly attacks from the air. America's factories were humming, smoking. Things were booming—and Gene was picked up on the wave of new activity and landed in just the kind of job he had always wanted.

A small electric-instrument plant at Belden, fifteen miles from our town, suddenly came to life. It was hiring men, preparing to make radio equipment for airplanes. New money was being spent for more buildings, more equipment. . . .

It was Mrs. Chandler who told us about it, even before the news was in the papers—Mrs. Chandler, the eccentric old lady who had been one of our most loyal customers at the station. Gene had never liked her much, and she didn't care a great deal for him, but I was fond of her and went on seeing her now and then after we gave up the station. She was always full of gossip, and when she told me about the Belden factory's plans—I gathered that she was investing her own money in the expansion—I repeated the news to Gene.

I told him simply as a matter of interest. He'd never done any radio work, and it didn't occur to me that he'd think of getting a job there. But he caught fire at once, and before I knew it he'd driven to Belden and been hired.

He was laughing, elated, when he told me about it. "Old Marconi himself—that's me," he said. "The interviewer said they were looking for experienced radio men, so I looked wise and tossed him a few cracks I remembered from my high school physics course. He swallowed it like it was candy."

I felt sick. It was so easy to see that it wasn't having a job that pleased him so much, as that he'd got the job under false pretenses.

Then he added thoughtfully, "Besides, I guess they want married men, with this fool draft law coming up."

This fool draft law. I shuddered. Everything about the war raging in Europe was, to Gene, a subject for scornful laughter. The dopes in Washington wanted to drag America into it, but they couldn't fool Gene. He knew that wars were just money-making schemes anyway.

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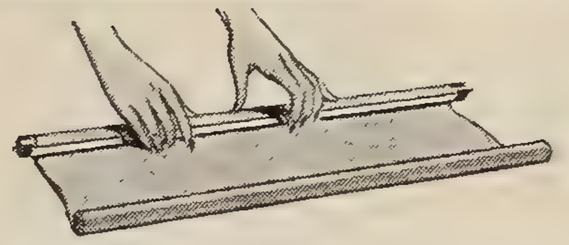

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I said, "So the war has given you a job, hasn't it?"

He grinned blithely. "Yep, I'm a defense worker now, and if all they say about defense workers' pay is true we'll really start making money."

Money. It seemed to me that I had heard too much about money since Gene and I were married. We had never had much, Mother and Father and I, but we'd never worried much about it, or envied people who had more. But money had run like a dingy, coarse thread through the fabric of my life with Gene from the very first.

He wasn't stingy. On the contrary, he was extravagant, to an extent that shocked me. He insisted on having the Gorman house redecorated from top to bottom. It was true that it was rather shabby and gloomy, but I could have brightened it up with new drapes and rugs and a little paint. Instead, it got new wall-paper and hardwood floors in every room, a sunporch on the side, a shiny modern sink and a huge electric refrigerator in the kitchen. And a royal-blue two-door sedan took the place of Gene's old runabout in the shed in back.

THE place looked lovely when it was done. But I would have been happier if we had been paying rent for it to Tim. As I'd expected, Tim had written from camp to say he wouldn't take money from his brother.

More and more, in those months, I learned what it meant to have my eyes opened to Gene's character. I had wondered if the time would ever come when I would see clearly through all of his pretenses. Well, it *had* come, and I was sick at heart with the glimpses it brought me of his shabby little soul.

Oh, I tried to blind myself again, and sometimes I succeeded. When everything was going as he wished it, Gene could be a gay lover, a perfect companion for hours of pleasure. But love was not enough, and pleasure was not enough. I hungered for something more, something that Gene would never give me—because, perhaps, he could not.

Once I had wished for a child. Now I was glad when the months passed and I did not again become pregnant.

Tim had been transferred to a training camp in the West, but early in the fall of 1941 he had a short leave and came home. This time he didn't walk in unannounced, so I had an opportunity to clean his old room, dust his books and high-school athletic trophies, and have it all ready for him when he arrived.

Soldiers were no novelty in our town any longer, but still I was proud and thrilled all over again to see Tim in his uniform—embellished now, it was, with the three stripes of a sergeant. Gene laughed at the stripes, and called Tim a "brass-hat," and Tim took the kidding good-naturedly. But somehow, I didn't think it was so funny.

It wasn't very pleasant, anyhow, to watch Gene and Tim together. On Tim's first leave, when we were still at the service station, Gene had deferred to his older brother, but now he was surer of himself, and it seemed to me he managed to be rather patronizing. He was affectionate enough, but it was an affection tinged with contempt. Obviously, Gene appeared to be hinting in his manner, Tim hadn't been quite bright to be taken in by all this talk of war. He was wasting his time wearing a uniform and drawing a sergeant's pay when all the while—as Gene's own job proved!—it was possible to take real advantage of the silly war hysteria.

I thought that Tim's affection for Gene blinded him to all this, but I was wrong—as I seemed to be wrong about so many things where Tim was concerned! One afternoon, before Gene was home from the plant, Tim and I were talking about the war, and he startled me by remarking:

"Gene thinks I'm a dope, but that's because he's so sure nobody'd ever have the nerve to attack this country. I hope he's right, but I'd hate to bet on it."

His matter-of-factness carried more conviction than the most dramatic prophecy, and I shivered as I answered:

"You really think we'll be in the war, don't you, Tim?"

HE looked at me over the pipe he was puffing so contentedly. "Yes," he said, "I think so."

It was a warm autumn day, and we were sitting on the front porch. As if to give ironic punctuation to his simple words, an airplane roared overhead. Tim's gray eyes looked calmly out past the wisteria vine to the tree-shaded street. Just so, I thought, would he look into the face of battle—bravely, with his head up, ready to do the job that had to be done.

The sunlight glinted on the fine golden hair sprinkled over the backs of his strong hands—and suddenly I knew that I wanted terribly to lay my cheek against those hands, to feel their skin with mine.

It came as simply and clearly as that—the knowledge that I loved Gene's brother.

He brought me back to reality. "I'm glad of one thing," he said. "When it comes, you and Gene will be all set. They probably wouldn't take married men doing Gene's kind of work."

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Hot shame flooded my body. If Tim knew what I had been thinking! How he would hate me! Yes, hate me, because Tim loved his brother more than himself.

But he could hardly have hated me more than I hated myself. Why had it taken me until now to see that Tim wasn't the dull, uninteresting person I had thought him in the days before Gene and I were married? Why hadn't I seen then that he had everything Gene lacked—kindness, generosity, a sense of honor? Why—why—why?

I stood up and hurried into the house, murmuring something about getting dinner ready. Somehow, I must keep Tim from guessing. I must not let myself be alone with him, must not let my eyes linger on his face, must not let my voice caress his name when I speak it.

The few days before he went back to camp were torture—made the worse because every moment could have been so precious. But somehow I managed. Somehow I even managed to make my good-by kiss sisterly and cool, even though my arms ached with the longing to throw them about him.

EVEN when he was gone, Tim still seemed to be with us. He was there when Gene held me in his arms at night. He was there when Gene decided he wanted to join the golf club, and bought an expensive set of clubs which he used every Saturday for exactly one month—until he decided golf was a silly game anyway and left the clubs to gather dust in the hall closet. Most of all, he was there when the news of Pearl Harbor crashed about us, and when Gene, after an hour of stunned disbelief, shouted boastfully that "we'll chop up those dirty little monkeys and send them back where they came from."

"Gene—don't!" I couldn't help saying, and he stared at me, a frown gathering between his eyes.

"Don't what?" he asked. "Sorry, but I don't seem to get it."

"Don't talk that way. As if—as if it were a game of some sort, and you had your money on one of the teams." It was the best I could do. I didn't have the words to tell him that once more he was being helped by Tim—by Tim and thousands of others—and that he should be humble, not vainglorious.

"Well, that's swell," he said angrily. "Maybe you think I ought to chew my fingernails and make up my mind we're licked?"

"You know I don't think that, Gene. I just—" Oh, what was the use? I could never make him understand. I summoned a smile and finished, "I guess I'm just shocked and upset by the news."

"Sure," he agreed, serious now and as grave as if he too had been expecting war instead of laughing at the idea. "Yes, I guess that's it. I know how you feel."

But the vengeful mood of that tragic December Sunday didn't last in Gene. The war was far away, and his imagination couldn't envision its horrors. In another week or two, it was almost as if we weren't at war at all. Our life went on just the same.

I tried to get hold of myself. I thrust the thought of Tim out of my mind, and I tried to believe that I could be happy with Gene. After all, weren't there many good things about him?—he didn't drink, he didn't go with other women, he nearly always came straight home from work. But always I came back to the dead-stop of the truth.

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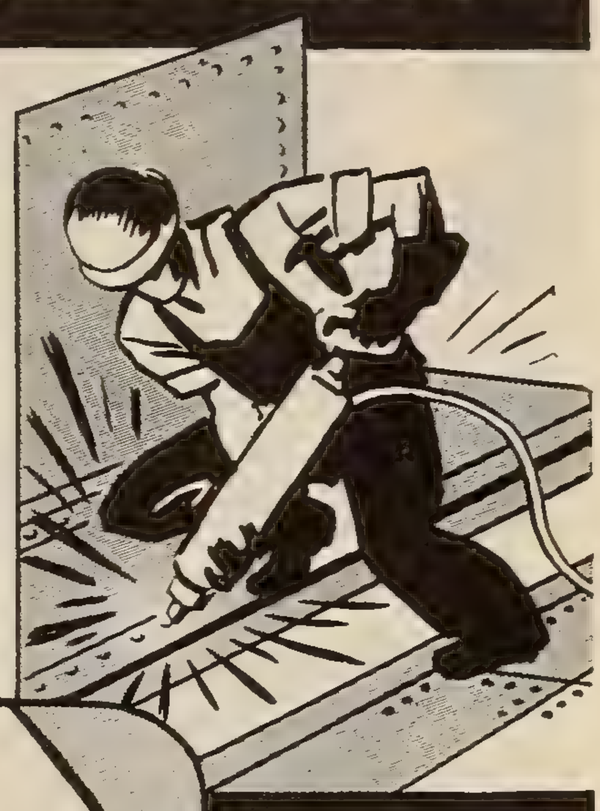

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Long before I had realized I was in love with Tim, I'd known of Gene's two faults that I could never forgive: he had never in his life loved anyone, not even me, more than himself; and he was totally unscrupulous when it came to a question of getting what he wanted.

I tried not to let him see that I had grown away from him, but with that so-exact intuition of his he guessed, and I was touched by the blundering efforts he made to do things that would please me.

There was the night he brought home a huge cardboard box and unpacked it in the living room, proudly displaying the dress he'd bought for me. It was a terribly expensive dress; I'd seen it in a shop window downtown. I tried to be grateful, but I was ashamed to wear it. Gene had complained furiously, only a few days before, because they had asked him at the plant to set aside ten per cent of his wages for war bonds. And on Bataan men were dying . . .

GENE made a quick movement, sweeping the dress out of my hands. "You don't like it," he said in a harsh, accusing voice. "I'm beginning to think you don't like anything any more."

His hands were on my shoulders, pressing bruises into the soft flesh.

"Gene, you're hurting me," I said confusedly. "Of course I like it—it's a beautiful dress—only—"

"Only the trouble is, *I* gave it to you!" he finished. "And nothing I do is any good!" He did not release me. Instead, he twisted me so that I was forced to look into his eyes. "Once I knew you loved me," he said. "But now— By God, if there's some other man, I—"

He broke off, watching me narrowly. *Tim!* I thought wildly. He can't have guessed about Tim—not possibly! I've never said or done anything that would show him how I felt—

I made myself say evenly, "Don't be silly, Gene. You know very well I never even see anyone else. Please let me go."

He took his hands away then, slowly, still holding me with his eyes. And I realized, suddenly, that for the first time—no, the second—in our married life I had power over him. Until now he had been so sure of me that he had been the ruler. Now he was doubtful, uncertain, afraid of losing me. Once before, when I had thought of leaving him after I lost my baby, I could have had this power over him, but I hadn't known it then. Now I knew it—but I got little joy from the knowledge, for no power of mine could ever really change him.

The telephone bell broke our deadlock, and Gene turned away to answer it.

"Hello? . . . This is Gorman . . . Oh, hello, Miller . . . Yes. All right, I'll meet you downtown in about fifteen minutes."

The brief conversation meant nothing to me then, but later I was to remember it with a sickening sense of regret. If I had asked Gene not to go out that night . . . But who can tell? Perhaps everything that happens is written in the stars.

What hope of happiness is there for Arda now? Can she find a way to lock Tim out of her heart, to make the best of her marriage to Gene? Don't miss the dramatic concluding instalment of "If Love Were All," in the July RADIO MIRROR, on sale June 9.

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I'll Love You Again

Continued from page 18

you'd done it for years."

These were the words I'd been secretly dreading, trying to postpone by chattering of anything besides the dance and David Agnew. I had to tell him. "As a matter of fact," I said, and my voice sounded too casual, "I knew David years ago—in college. We were—even engaged for a little while—"

"Engaged!"

"Oh, it was over long ago," I hurried on. "We quarrelled—I don't even remember what about. And I never saw him again—until tonight."

Until tonight. Tonight when you denied knowing him. Tonight when you recaptured your youth in a moment for all the world to witness.

"I see," Carl said.

I rushed on, answering what had never been asked. "Of course, he means nothing to me now. I was just so surprised—"

With an odd, protesting smile, he stopped me. "Don't explain, my dear. I understand."

"But *do* you?" I wanted to tell him exactly what seeing David had meant—just how much and how little. But I couldn't. "Carl." I came close to him. "You know I love you and only you. You know how much you are to me—"

Oh, if only he had taken me in his arms at that moment! If only he had held me passionately, and said, "I love you and I'd want to kill the man who tried to take you!"

He patted my shoulder, his hand big and clumsy against the filmy lace of my negligee. "I hope you love me, Laura . . ." For a moment his eyes held mine, but they told me nothing. It was as if they looked inward, not at me. "Well—I'll do a little work before turning in."

AND he left me standing there. He went into the little study that adjoined our bedroom, where he spent hours with his private books and papers, and he closed the door. I was outside, baffled and uneasy. Was he hurt? Was he angry? Had he believed me?

I got into bed. And lying there, in the lonely dark, I felt unhappier than I had in years. Remembrance came. Remembrance of David, how he'd looked, how he'd held me as we danced—and guiltily I pushed it back. Just because once we'd been in love and now, unexpectedly, he was back with all the old charm I'd remembered, that was no reason he should so disturb me now. Resolutely, I tried to think of something else. But that night I dreamed of David . . .

"I invited Agnew to dinner tonight," Carl said the next morning at breakfast. "Afterwards, I'll go over the production plans with him. As a matter of fact, Laura, he'll have to be here a good deal during the next few weeks. I hope you don't mind."

"Mind? Why should I?" I tried to say it easily, but it sounded false.

And so did my greeting to David when he came that evening, bringing me flowers—the yellow roses I've always loved.

Yellow roses I'd worn to the Junior Prom. A moonlight picnic by the river. A kiss in the soft, lilac dusk . . . All the old days came back again when I was with David, the old things, half-forgotten but never quite gone.

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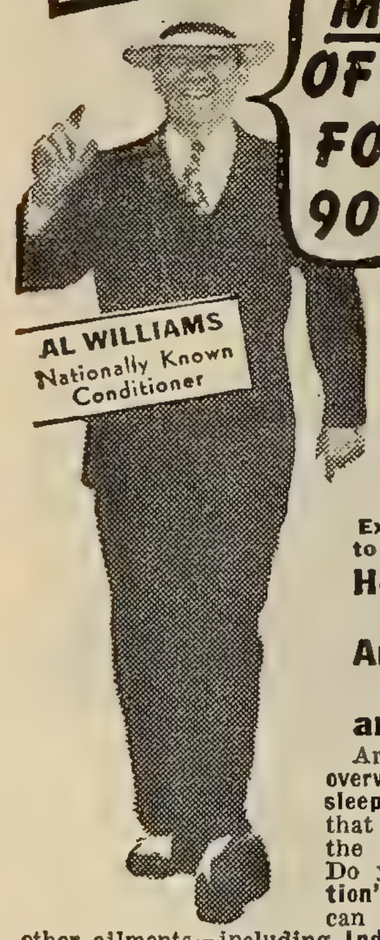

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He came to the house a lot, as Carl had said, and I found myself waiting for him, looking for him. When I put on a new dress, it was for David who would notice, instead of for Carl who wouldn't. I reproached myself for it, for the sweet stirring I felt when I knew he was coming—but I couldn't help it.

Carl seemed to withdraw more and more from me. The door he had closed between us the night of the dance seemed now to stay closed, as if he'd shut himself off. He was working very hard but that didn't explain it.

One evening when David came, Carl was upstairs in the study. "He's working on a speech for the board meeting dinner," I explained. "It's a funny thing—Carl can never *say* anything if it really means something to him. He just fumbles around like a tongue-tied kid. But if he writes it, he can be as eloquent as a poet. On paper he can forget himself."

David grinned. "His love letters must be something."

"I wouldn't know," I laughed. "I've never had a letter from Carl. We've always been together, you see. But if I had, I'm sure it wouldn't have been a love letter. He's just not that kind of person."

I SUPPOSE my tone must have said more than I meant. Suddenly David stopped laughing. "Lord," he said softly, "how could he help it—with you? How could any man help making love to someone meant for it as much as you? Why—I can hardly help it myself."

My heart seemed to stop beating. "Don't," I cried. "Don't say such things."

"But why? After all, my sweet, you and I were in love once. Are you going to deny me even my memories?"

"That was a long time ago. You've no right to make me remember even as much as you have. Oh, David, why did you come back? Why couldn't you have let me go on as I was, in my own little groove with Carl, never knowing the things I was missing? I—I wish you'd go away. Now!"

It was as if the strain I'd been living under the last few weeks had broken, and the words rushed out, released as a river is when the ice breaks in the spring. David seemed as startled by them as I was myself. For a moment he stared at me. Then something flickered in his face. He took the one long step that separated us.

"You feel it, too?" he whispered. "What we've always felt for each other, should have had—long ago?" His arms slipped around me. "Laura. Come to the hotel at noon tomorrow. I'll get away from the plant. I've got to talk to you—to see you alone."

"I can't. Carl—"

"Carl won't know. You've got to, now that I know how you feel . . ." Then his head bent and his lips were on mine, and the flame I'd once known flared up again, coursing through me.

I heard a door open upstairs, footsteps come into the upper hall. I pulled away from him. "Tomorrow," I whispered. "At one."

And then Carl was saying, "Sorry to keep you waiting, David. Well—shall we start?" And David was answering pleasantly and calmly as if nothing had happened. And the two of them were gone, and I was alone, facing tomorrow.

I faced it all that night—the scene I knew was inevitable. David loved

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me. He couldn't stay on here. He was going away, and he would ask me to leave Carl and marry him. I could hear his voice saying it, see his dark, intense eyes as he told me. And what would I say?

I searched my heart truthfully and honestly. I was married to Carl, and I loved and respected him. And he, for all his inarticulate strength, was a deeply sensitive man. I *couldn't* hurt him. And yet—did he really love me? In his way—yes. But was his way mine? Perhaps he wasn't capable of love as I knew it. . . . Over and over, the thoughts and images went through my mind.

By morning, I knew the answer. I had weighed everything, considered everything. It hadn't been easy to decide. But I knew what I would say.

I dressed for that secret appointment as carefully as a bride, and on the lapel of my spring suit I wore a single yellow rose.

I knew the number of David's room, so I didn't have to ask at the desk. In a small city like Carleton, you have to be terribly careful. Outside his door I paused a moment to compose myself; I felt guilty and excited and half-afraid. Then I knocked.

THERE was a bowl of yellow roses in the room, and the phonograph was playing softly, "I'll see you again." David took me in his arms without a word. "My lovely," he murmured. "My sweet . . ."

For a time I let myself savor the full sweetness of his caress, gave myself up to it completely. Then, gently, I withdrew.

"I've come to tell you, David, that I know what you're going to say. I know it here—" I put my hand on my heart. "But we can't do it. It would hurt Carl too much."

I braced myself for the look of hurt bewilderment that David would turn on me, formed in my mind the words I would say to comfort him. But he only lifted his eyebrows, and laughter, the tender, sweet laughter that belongs to lovers, filled his eyes.

"Little silly! Carl won't be hurt, darling. He'll never know—he need never find out."

I didn't answer for a moment, and when I did, the voice that spoke didn't sound like my own. "Carl will never know—? David, what do you mean? If I leave—"

David pulled me back into his arms and stilled his laughter against my lips. "My dear, I've thought it all out so carefully. You must never come here again, of course. I've made arrangements to get away from the plant several afternoons a week. We'll find some place where no one will ever know—perhaps a cottage out by the lake, or—"

I've never been slapped in the face. But I knew then how it must feel. In those few words David had wrung all the beauty out of what there was between us, leaving a dry, ugly husk that could never be anything but a bitter memory. As if that slap had been literal instead of figurative, I stepped back. My voice sounded dull and heavy in my own ears.

"You mean—then, all along you didn't intend to marry me at all? You intended to have—to make me your—oh, David!" The little, incoherent speech trailed away into nothing, and I felt laughter rising in my throat, wild, hysterical laughter. "Oh, what

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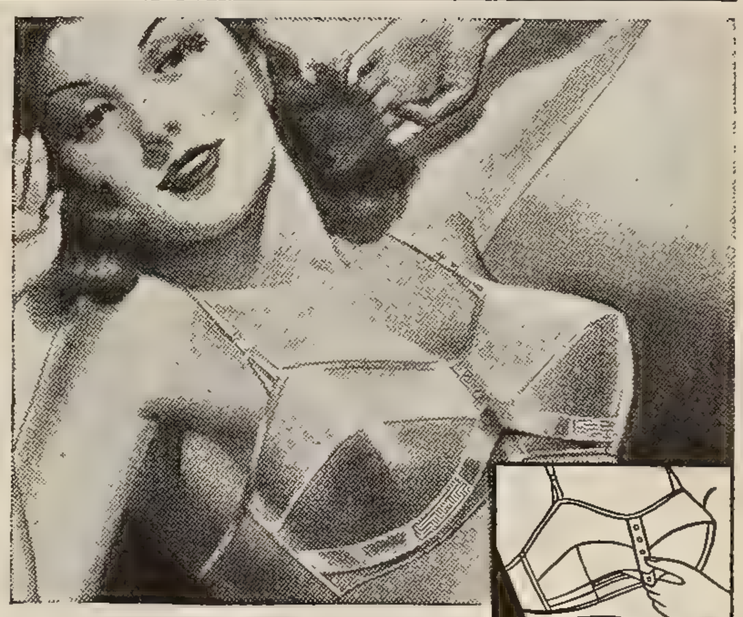

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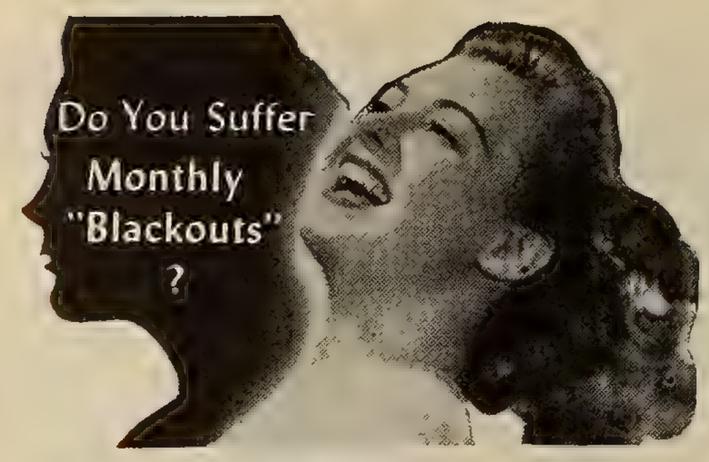

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a fool I've been! What a gullible fool!"

David's hard hands imprisoned my shoulders. "Laura, stop it! Now listen to me. Why shouldn't we be sensible? You have a pleasant life, and you don't want to throw it away. I have an important job, and I don't want to throw that away either. Let's look at this sensibly—"

I jerked away from his grasp and whirled to shut off the phonograph. That music, which I once had thought to be the sweetest tune in the world, was suddenly tinny, theatrical and cheap in my ears. "Yes, I'll be sensible," I cried. "I'll be sensible enough, at least, to get out of here. There aren't any words to tell you what I think of you, David. You're—"

His sharp anger cut my words short. "Look here, Laura," he said, hotly, "before you make any speeches, let me tell *you* a few things. When I came here I was glad to see you—sure, I was. From the very first time we met we had something for each other, you and I. But it didn't mean any more to me than just seeing an old sweetheart I'd never quite forgotten—someone I remembered pleasantly, and wondered about once in a while.

"It was *you* who put on the act of pretending we'd never met—I didn't. And if I made you a few pretty speeches—well, why not? You're a pretty girl. I never had any intention of letting it go farther than that—until you made it plain that you were willing. Oh, you did it very subtly, but a man can always tell. And you'll have to admit, Laura, that if a lovely woman makes up to a man, that man's a fool not to—"

A great wave of actual physical sickness rose up to engulf me, and I turned to stumble blindly for the door, shaking off David's staying hands.

"Don't touch me," I heard myself saying, and, "Don't touch me!" over and over again, long after I had wrenched open the door and stumbled down the hall, long after David was far out of hearing.

I DON'T remember how I got home. I found myself huddled on my bed, crying as if my heart would break. Wave after wave of humiliation and shame rushed over me, and David's words went round and round in my thoughts. He'd made a fool of me—but, worse, I'd made one of myself. And now what did I have left? He'd shown me what was missing in my life—the sense of being truly and deeply loved that every woman needs. He'd shown me in a way I couldn't ever forget—because he'd shown I could mistake the tawdry for the real.

I thought of Carl. He would never know, in so many words, what had happened. And yet, he'd sensed it, all these weeks. Instead of fighting it, instead of telling me he loved me, he'd just withdrawn more and more. Again, the thoughts that had tortured me the night before raced through my mind. Maybe he didn't really love me, after all. And if that were true—then what, indeed, did I have but a sham of the true marriage I'd once dreamed of, and the knowledge I'd let another man hold me cheaply.

Unable to stand it any longer, I got up and paced the floor. The door to Carl's study was open. Perhaps in there, in the room I seldom entered, I'd find some kind of sanctuary that would give me solace and the key to what to do. Blindly, I went in and slumped down in the chair at his desk.

A leather-bound notebook lay open on the desk. Carl's writing covered the pages in a bold, black script. Unseeingly I stared at it—until a word, a phrase, focussed my mind—and I was reading it, reading breathlessly, unconscious of anything except the message those pages gave me.

"Last night she wore the black dress again. Today, wherever I look, I see her in it, her hair gold, and her white face that 'was not white but was the color of love.' Always, for me, she wears the color of love and yet I can never tell her."

It was me Carl was writing of! I recognized the poetry. It was from the loveliest of all love stories, *Tristan and Isolde*, that I had read a thousand times and never realized Carl even knew existed. I turned the page.

"David here again," I read. "I will not be a drag on her happiness. If she really loves him, she will tell me and then I will know what to do. If she doesn't—then surely she understands that, underneath my silence, she is the essence of life to me. She is the moon, the sun, the stars when they all sing together . . ." Could this be *Carl?*

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Without any of the guilt of eavesdropping or of reading the private papers of another person, I read on and on. At the back of the desk were four other leather-backed books, standing neatly in a row, one for every year of our marriage. As I turned their pages, I read the story of my marriage. But how different a story than I had ever pictured it! A beautiful poetic account of our life together and what I meant to him. There were snapshots of me, taken at odd times; here were things we'd laughed over together, things we'd said and done that I'd forgotten. All the emotion Carl was capable of was here—poured out into these books, what he longed to say and couldn't.

For two hours I read, absorbed. And humbled. For here was revealed a depth of feeling that only a real man could know, and that made all my little dreams of romance seem like the vaporings of a silly schoolgirl. Here, in my hands, was the passion and the tenderness of maturity; while I had longed for the tinsel of a popular song!

IT was all down in black and white—how he sensed my growing restlessness, yet could do nothing to satisfy it. "I can't say the things that women love to hear," he'd written, "especially to her. The feeling puts too heavy a burden on my poor words. I can only show her—not *tell* her." And then David's coming. The fear he'd felt, the night I told him that we'd once been sweethearts and the way I'd tried to pretend it meant nothing, and his determination to fight for me in his own way—by being himself and never changing.

My eyes were wet when I finally closed the books and put them back, neatly, as if they'd never been disturbed. How blind I'd been! So preoccupied with my own little petty desires, that I'd never recognized the richness of the treasure that was mine for the taking.

And then I wondered—had Carl left that book there for me to read? Had he, perhaps unconsciously, hoped I'd come in and find it and know, in the only way he could ever tell me, what he felt? I couldn't be sure. I'd never tell him.

When he came home, I was waiting before the fire as I always used to wait for him before David came. He paused for a moment in the doorway before he came in, as if not quite believing it.

"I've been thinking, Carl," I said casually before he could speak, "you've been working so hard lately. Couldn't we take a little trip together—just you and I? Surely you can leave the factory for a while in David's hands. He's so capable. And it's been so long since we two could be really alone—to enjoy each other."

The room was very still. "You're sure, my dear," he said slowly, "that you really want to leave—now?"

"Very sure." I reached up and took his big, warm hand that was so strong, so protective. "You see, darling, I love you very much and I never seem to have a chance to tell you so. Maybe a trip together—" my voice trailed off unsteadily.

His hand tightened on mine. Looking up, I saw the deep happiness in his eyes that were no longer veiled or looking inward. They were embracing me.

"That," he said, "would be very nice."

And I took the simple words and hugged them to my heart. They were all I would ever need again.

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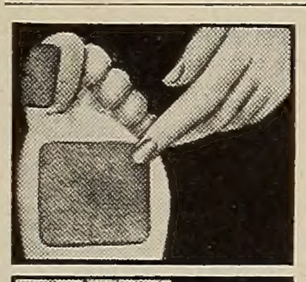

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Thirty years ago, in Forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young Englishman named Edwin J. Dingle found the answers to these questions. A great mystic opened his eyes. A great change came over him. He realized the strange Power that Knowledge gives.

That Power, he says, can transform the life of anyone. Questions, whatever they are, can be answered. The problems of health, death, poverty and wrong, can be solved.

In his own case, he was brought back to splendid health. He acquired wealth, too, as well as world-wide professional recognition. Thirty years ago, he was sick as a man could be and live. Once his coffin was bought. Years of almost continuous tropical fevers, broken bones, near blindness, privation and danger had made a human wreck of him, physically and mentally.

He was about to be sent back to England to die, when a strange message came — "They are waiting for you in Tibet." He wants to tell the whole world what he learned there, under the guidance of the greatest mystic he ever encountered during his twenty-one years in the Far East. He wants everyone to experience the greater health and the Power, which there came to him.

Within ten years, he was able to retire to this country with a fortune. He had been honored by fellowships in the World's leading Geographical Societies, for his work as a geographer. And today, 30 years later, he is still so athletic, capable of so much work, so young in appearance, it is hard to believe he has lived so long.

As a first step in their progress toward the Power that Knowledge gives, Mr. Dingle wants to send the readers of this notice a 9,000-word treatise. It is free. For your free copy, send your name and address to the Institute of Mentalphysics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. F-246, Los Angeles, Calif. Write promptly.

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She's as Lively as a Youngster—Now her Backache is better

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What We Used to Waste

Continued from page 44

the drippings and remove garlic, then brown chicken in flavored fat. Place chicken in pot with tight fitting lid, add minced onion and boiling water and simmer, closely covered, for one hour. Add chopped green peppers and tomatoes and continue cooking until chicken is tender (total cooking time 1½ to 3 hours, depending on whether chicken is young or old). Add mushrooms and rosemary for the last 15 minutes of cooking, and additional water and seasonings if required.

Now for chicken macaroni—the left-over dish.

Chicken Macaroni

1 lb. macaroni
1 cup diced chicken (from neck, backs, etc.)
½ cup cheese
½ cup chicken gravy
1 cup milk

Cook macaroni until tender in boiling salted water. Drain, add remaining ingredients and stir until cheese begins to melt. Add salt and pepper to taste. Turn into buttered casserole or individual baking dishes and bake in 375 degree oven until nicely browned. If you have more than half a cup of gravy, reduce the quantity of milk.

Save the carcass of roast duck to make pea soup. Cover carcass with cold water (put in any left over stuffing and gravy), add seasonings to taste (the type and quantity depend upon how highly the duck was seasoned befor roasting) and simmer until meat falls away from the bones. Remove bones, puree liquid through sieve, add one package of quick cooking dried peas (they are low in points, thus a help to your ration book as well as to your purse) and simmer until you have a rich, creamy soup. Using roast pork or pork chop bones, follow this same method to make lentil soup and simmer bones and trimmings from veal, lamb and beef roasts to make vegetable soup or to substitute in recipes calling for bouillon cubes. And while we are on the subject of soups, don't forget to save the liquid in which vegetables are cooked to season soups, gravies and sauces.

I know you are keeping in mind the government's suggestion to use fresh fruits and vegetables whenever possible to relieve the demand on canned and frozen products, but have you thought of using the fresh varieties in combination with rationed ones to keep your ration points down? Dried prunes, for example, have a high point value and oranges are unrationed, so instead of cooking a pound of prunes why not use half that quantity in a prune and orange compote?

Prune and Orange Compote

½ lb. prunes
4 oranges
1 lemon

Simmer prunes for 15 minutes in just enough water to keep them from sticking. Slice oranges and lemon thin, remove seeds but do not peel, and cut slices into quarters. Add to prunes and continue cooking for 15 minutes more.

Mexican corn and corn and tomatoes are good ways of extending your canned corn.

Mexican Corn

1 medium can kernel corn
1 onion
2 green peppers
2 sweet red peppers
2 tbls. drippings or margarine

Mince onion and dice peppers and sautee in drippings. Add corn and simmer together for 5 minutes. This recipe also provides a different and flavorsome basis for corn pudding.

Corn with Tomatoes

1 medium can kernel corn
4 ripe tomatoes
½ tsp. salt
2 tsps. sugar
Pinch pepper
½ tsp. basil (optional)

Peel and chop tomatoes, add with other ingredients to corn and simmer until tomatoes are done (about 10 minutes). If the dish is too liquid, thicken with 1 tbl. flour rubbed into 2 tsps. butter or margarine.

Fresh peas are delicious cooked with lettuce and the same recipe may be used to make canned peas go farther.

Peas and Lettuce

2 cups shelled peas
6 scallions or 1 onion
1 small head lettuce
1 cup boiling water
½ tsp. salt
Pinch pepper

Slice scallions thin (or mince onion) and cook with peas in boiling salted water for 5 minutes. Add lettuce, which has been shredded, and continue cooking until peas are tender. Add pepper and if desired thicken liquid with butter and flour.

Hows and Whys of Kitchen Fat Conservation and Salvage

Conserve fats (bacon drippings and drippings from roaster and broiler), strain them and use for later cooking. Conserve raw fats (beef, pork, chicken, etc.) by melting over low flame and using for later cooking. Conserve deep fats by straining after each using. Do all this because fats are needed as food both here and abroad and by conserving our home fats we will help relieve the demand on commercial varieties. . . . Salvage waste fats—those which can no longer be used for cooking, fats skimmed from gravies, soups and stews, fat from fish and in which fish has been fried—in fact all fats which ordinarily you throw away. Salvage waste fat by straining it into clean tin containers and when you have a pound, take it to your butcher who will send it on its way to help the war effort. . . . Salvage waste fat because of the glycerine which can be extracted from it—and pat yourself on the shoulder every time you turn in a pound of it, because it will go into making one of the following products, all of which are vital to our winning of the war: Synthetic resins, coatings for shells, tanks and battleship turrets; drug and medical supplies; textiles and adhesives, compass floats, mechanisms for field and naval gun recoils and depth charge releases and explosives.

DOWN—

(and I don't mean maybe)

REMEMBER how glorious it all was . . . landing your job the very day school ended? It was *your* way of enlisting . . . doing a man's work while he's away fighting for freedom!

You can still see Mom . . . her face beaming when you brought home your first week's pay, safely salted away in War Stamps. And Dad, proud as punch . . . with his glasses all misted up . . . remember?

But today it's different . . . you wish you'd never even started! And you wonder how other girls *always* manage? Sally and Bess and all the rest *never* seem to feel down in the dumps. They'll sail through their full eight hours and their dates, too . . . without a care in the world!

Maybe you were thinking out loud! Because Sally, the starter, takes you under her wing—tells you how girls-in-the-know keep going, keep smiling *every* day. "It's not just luck," she explains. "It's because we've learned by experience that Kotex sanitary napkins are made to stay soft while wearing!"

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How right she was (and you're glad you didn't break your date)! For Kotex is lots different from pads that just feel soft at first touch. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. Kotex gives you *more comfort* and (joy of joys!) no wrong side to cause accidents.

All this—and *confidence*, too! Because there's no ceiling to a girl's confidence, with the superb protection only Kotex can promise. No need to forfeit a moment's poise, thanks to that 4-ply safety center . . . and you can depend on those flat, pressed ends to keep your secret safe!

With all these advantages, you'd naturally expect more girls to choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together . . . wouldn't you? *And they do!*

Keep going in comfort—with KOTEX★!

THUMBS UP? THUMBS DOWN? "Difficult days"—and what to do about them! The new free booklet, "As One Girl To Another" solves the mysteries of a girl's intimate life . . . tips you off on grooming, activities, social contacts. Rush your name and address on a penny postcard to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-6, Chicago, Illinois. Remember—it's FREE!

For Certain Days . . . if you suffer from cramps, try KURB tablets, a Kotex product compounded expressly for relief of periodic discomfort. It merits your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!

★T.M.Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

Dear Miss "Puzzled":

Ask your baby sister how to look lovelier!

HAVE A LOOK AT BABY. She's a heart-breaker already with her pink, perfect complexion. *You* can use *her* beauty secret, Sis! Baby's beauty boss is Doctor, and *he* says, "Ivory Soap for *you*, beautiful." You see, baby's sensitive skin needs *gentle* care. And pure, mild Ivory contains no coloring matter, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.

HAVE A CHAT WITH DOCTOR . . . and you won't puzzle any longer. He'll advise you to change from improper cleansing methods. There is no *milder*, *safer* care than regular cleansing with "Velvet-suds" Ivory Soap. No wonder more doctors advise pure, mild Ivory for your skin *and* baby's than all other brands of soap together!

SEE WHAT IT DOES FOR YOUR COMPLEXION. When baby isn't looking, try *her* Ivory beauty treatment. Just borrow her white cake of Ivory. Use *plenty* of that luxurious Ivory lather. You'll soon know how much lovelier your complexion is. That adoring look in *his* eyes will tell you!

99 44/100 % pure . . . It floats

Look lovelier. . . with pure, mild IVORY. . . the soap more Doctors advise than all other brands together!